

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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The row of spikes set at an angle on the inner edge of the sole remain firmly embedded and retain their grip when the foot is tilted during the stroke.

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always wears and recommends -

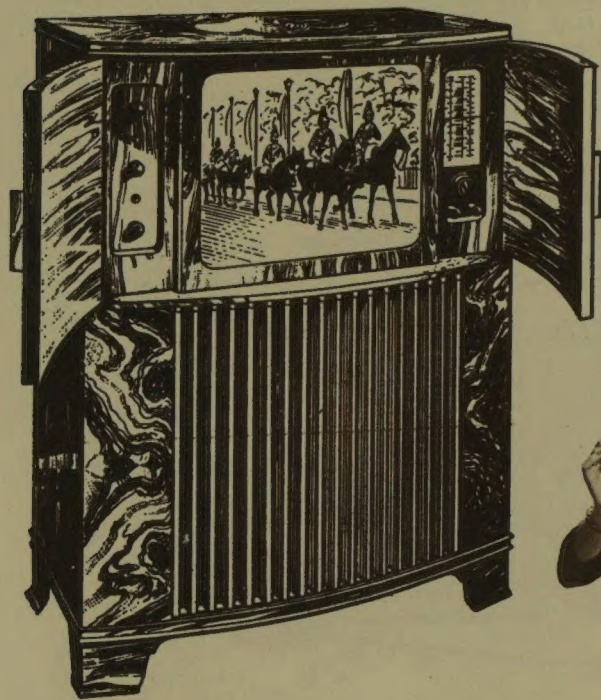
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THE BEST

**BIG**

SCREEN PICTURE IN TELEVISION

**16 inches wide by 12 inches deep**

Brilliant in definition, rock-steady, and rich in tone-contrast  
... on a large fine-grain flat screen.



THIS is television that can be viewed by the whole family, free from eye-strain and in uncrowded comfort... that gives your home a window on the world... television of breathtaking pictorial quality and realism of sound, framed in a craftsman's setting of fine furniture.

*'Your Window on the World' is further described in an illustrated leaflet that will gladly be sent to you free, upon request.*

Proud in its elegant simplicity here is an instrument true to the Decca tradition, combining imaginative artistry with the technique of tomorrow... to delight your eye not only when the receiver is in use but also when the doors are closed upon the magic of its screen.

Height 40 inches.  
Width 29½ inches.  
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**DECCA***projection* **TELEVISION Model 131**

*Includes of all-wave radio, as shown, £220.9.0, including P.T.*

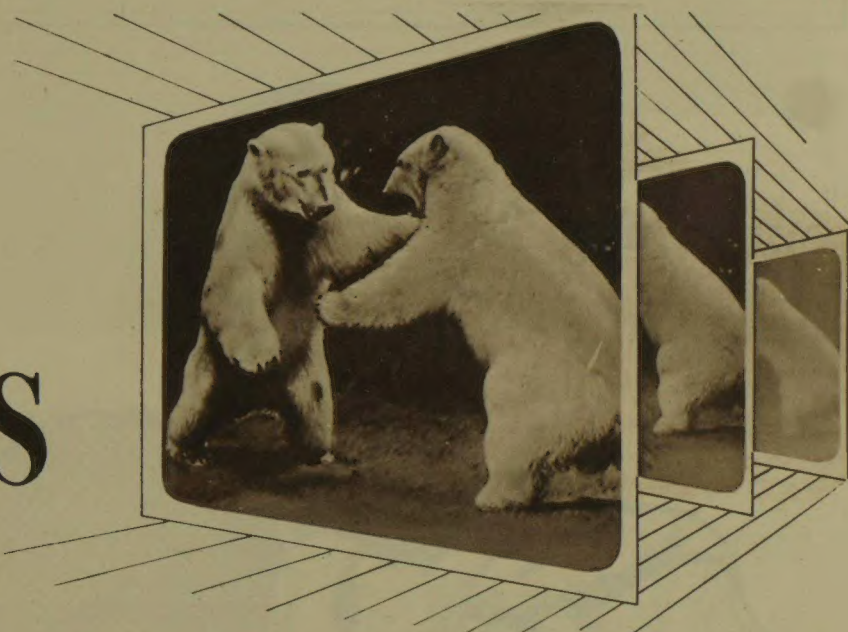
*Without radio, 180 gns., including P.T.*

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## Precious moments

Through four generations

CHERRY HEERING has  
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Today, supplies are still not unlimited,  
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6

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For keeping your hair unruffled, Silvifix is the ideal dressing.  
Concentrated for economy, a jar of Silvifix lasts 3 to 4 times  
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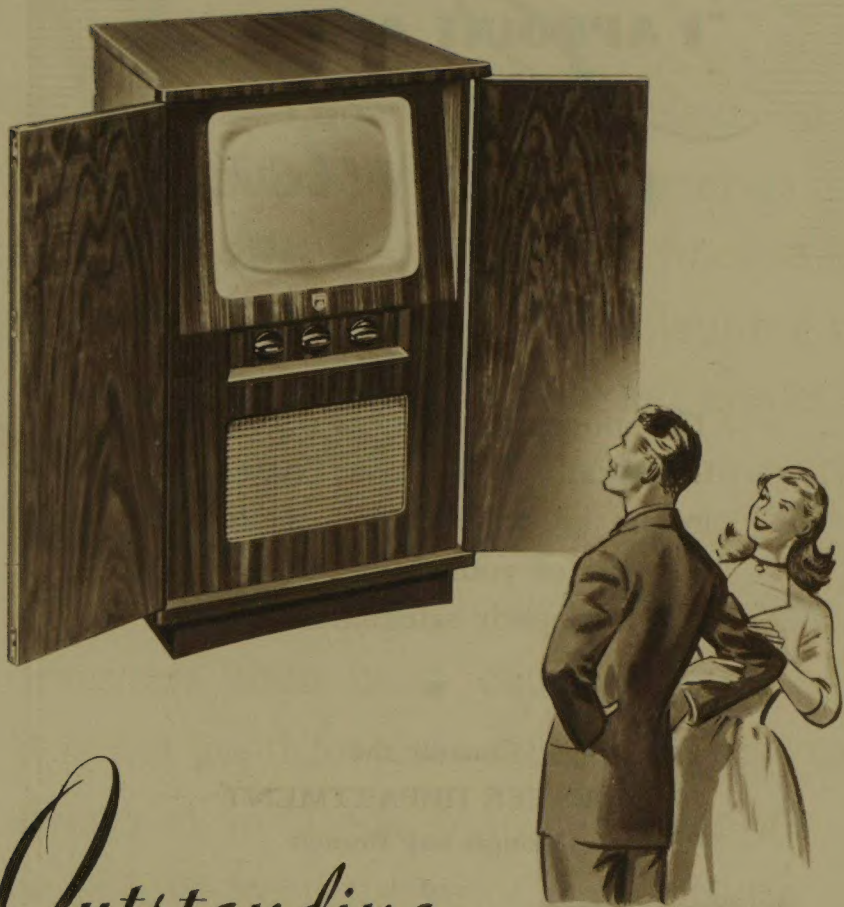
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EMBASSY CIGARS and with nearly  
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## Outstanding grace and quality

The richly figured walnut cabinet of Ekcovision Model TC140 is beautifully proportioned and craftsman-built, with doors folding right back to allow wide angle viewing. Its 12" aluminised tube, giving increased brilliance and improved contrast, is protected by a Perspex mask and screen. Its highly sensitive circuits are specially designed to give pictures of

maximum definition, bright, clear and steady even in the "fringe" areas. Its highly efficient system of interference suppression is variable to meet local conditions. And when viewing is over, it locks safely away from dust and accidental damage. Altogether, Ekcovision Model TC140 is a triumph of engineering and value, at **80 GUINEAS**, tax paid



Ekcovision Model T141 is a 12" tube table receiver in a fine walnut cabinet **55 GUINEAS** tax paid.

Ekcovision Model TC138 is the console version of Model T141 on left, **62 GUINEAS** tax paid. Another model, similar in design, incorporates 4-station pre-set radio — Model TRC139, **72 GUINEAS** tax paid.

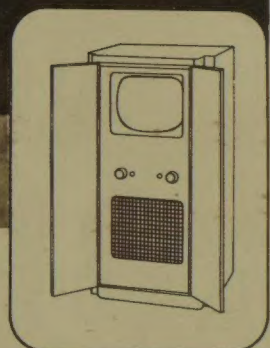


• Your Ekcovision dealer will gladly demonstrate the many merits of these distinctive, quality-engineered models. Ask him, too, about the Ekco Indoor Television Aerial, which in many districts can save pounds on installation costs. Full illustrated details of all Ekcovision models will be sent on request

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— the name for Quality Television

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BUSH TUG.24

**76 gns.**

TAX PAID

And here in this Bush console you have it — built to the rigid Bush standards of technical excellence with all the traditional Bush reliability. A 12" tube gives you a big brilliant picture. Doors cover the screen out of programme hours. It is adjustable to any B.B.C. TV. wavelength. The TUG.24 is typical of Bush value — a lovely set which you MUST see at your Bush dealers.

### SUITABLE TO ANY BBC TRANSMITTER

This Console can in a moment be adjusted by your Bush dealer to any TV. station in Great Britain, no extra equipment, nothing more to buy.

### BIG PICTURE

New technique gives increased picture area.

### BRILLIANT PICTURES

No need to switch off normal room lighting.

### MAX. INTERFERENCE SUPPRESSION

A particularly efficient system of interference suppression is employed.

### A.C. OR D.C. MAINS

The TUG.24 works equally well on either A.C. or D.C. mains.

### BUSH RELIABILITY

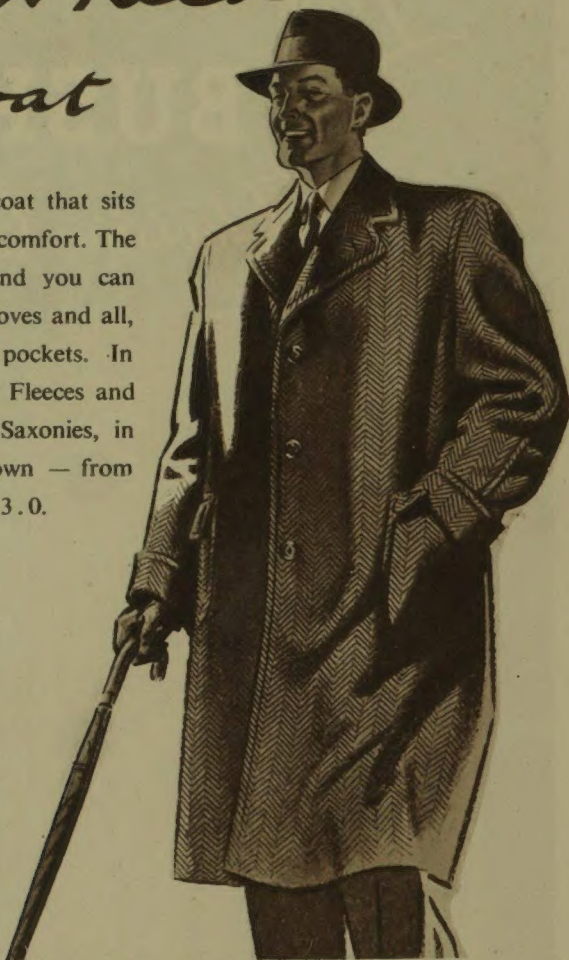
Backed by nearly 20 years' experience.

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER ROAD, CHISWICK, W.4.



*Let it & r-r-r-r*  
*outside an*  
*Austin Reed*  
*overcoat*

A single breasted coat that sits and fits with easy comfort. The sleeves are inset and you can tuck your hands, gloves and all, into the big patch pockets. In Scotch tweeds, cosy Fleeces and West of England Saxonies, in grey, blue or brown — from £16.19.6 to £21.13.0.



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**FILL IT  
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The Auto-Perc makes delicious coffee — automatically. It switches off — automatically. It keeps hot — automatically for as long as you like. In attractive chrome and plastic finish. Capacity 1½ pints. Price £6-5-0. Voltages: 100/120, 200/220, 230/250. A.C. only

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AUTOMATICALLY  
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Obtainable from usual electrical suppliers. Write for name of nearest stockist to the makers.

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**M**any knowledgeable Television Engineers (among whom we modestly include ourselves!) believe the **murphy** VI76 to be the finest Television Set in the world. Yet we are not planning to make a great many of this magnificent model. Why then, you may well ask, do we spend time and money designing it at all?

For two reasons. First we want to give our designers 'their head' occasionally.

It is not good for 'first class engineers to live always in an atmosphere of "Keep the price low, keep the price low." But it is usually necessary! So we try always to have something on the stocks on which our designers can 'spread themselves.' 'Make the sort of Television Set you'd like to make', we say.

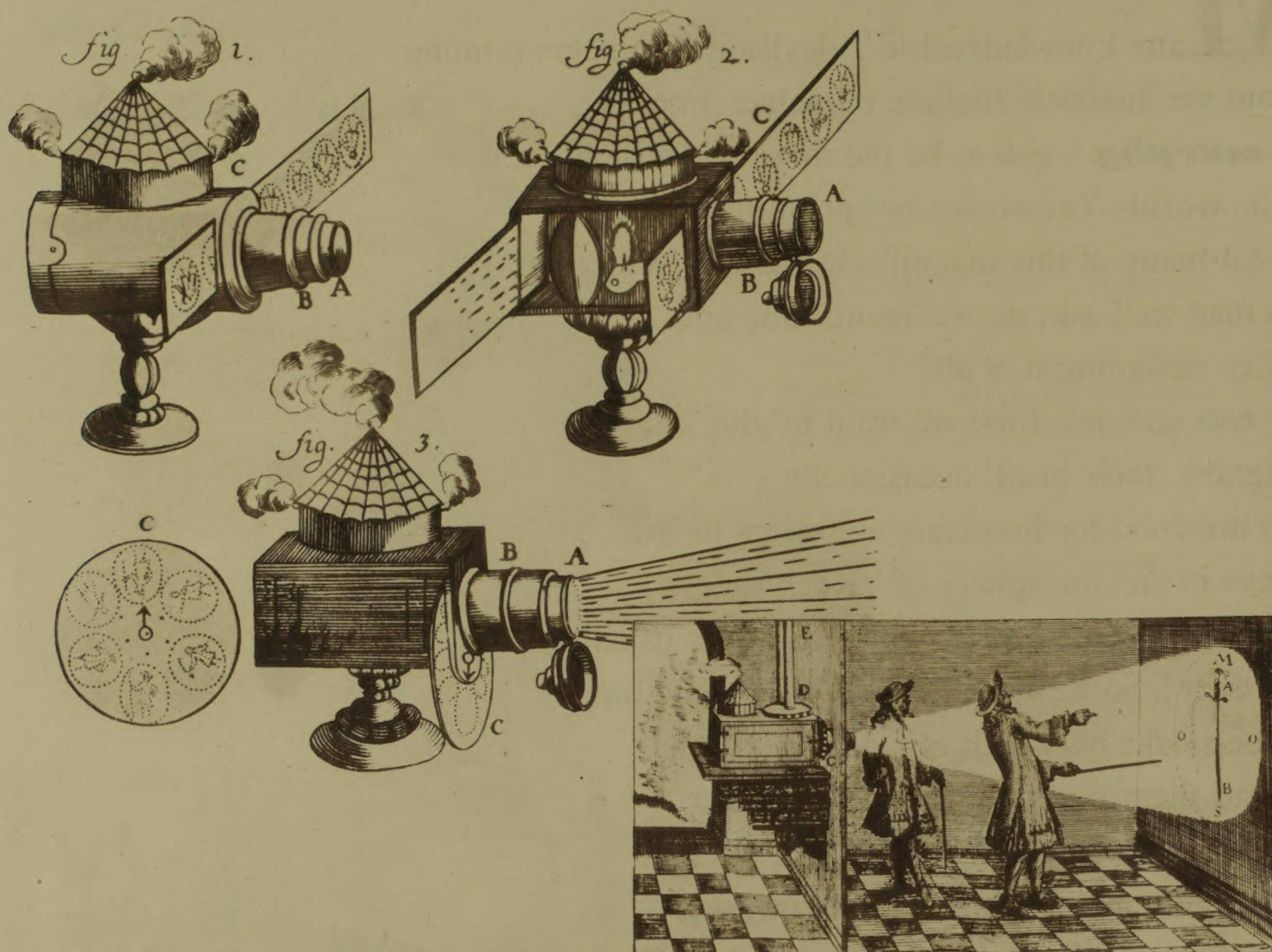
This time they have made the **murphy** VI76—as in earlier years they made the VII6 and that famous Radio Set the A40. But we have more in our minds than giving our engineers a fine time and keeping up their morale.

For when they have produced their wonderful set—put all their skill and love and enthusiasm into it—we pat them on the back and say:

"Splendid! Now make a set as like this as possible at about half the price." So from sets that only a few may ever own we learn to make the sets that many thousands can afford. That is and always has been the **murphy** Policy: first to set a very high standard and only then to find how to get the price down.







By courtesy of the Director of the Science Museum, South Kensington.

# MAGICK

"A Magick Lanthorn is a certain small Optical Macheen, that shows by a gloomy light upon a white Wall, Spectres and Monsters so hideous, that he who knows not the Secret, believes it to be performed by Magick Art."— So runs the description of 1696.

Say "Magic Lantern to TV" and you have summed up the progress in transmitted pictures through the centuries. But you have not summed up the spirit and tradition of the early inventors; that spirit and tradition of experimental science that is responsible for all the amenities of modern civilized life. We in Cambridge do not attempt to sum up this tradition and spirit, but in our laboratories, by constant research, to live it. That is why we assert that in Television and allied electronics Pye is pre-eminent.



**PE TV**

Manufacturers of scientific instruments, crystallographic instruments, blind landing equipment, electronic and vacuum apparatus, television transmission equipment, radio and television receivers.

P Y E L I M I T E D C A M B R I D G E E N G L A N D



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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1950.

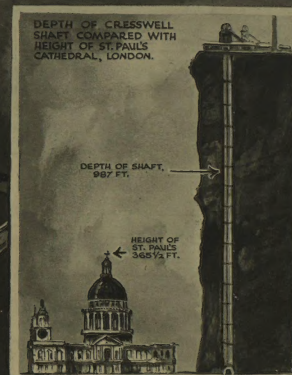
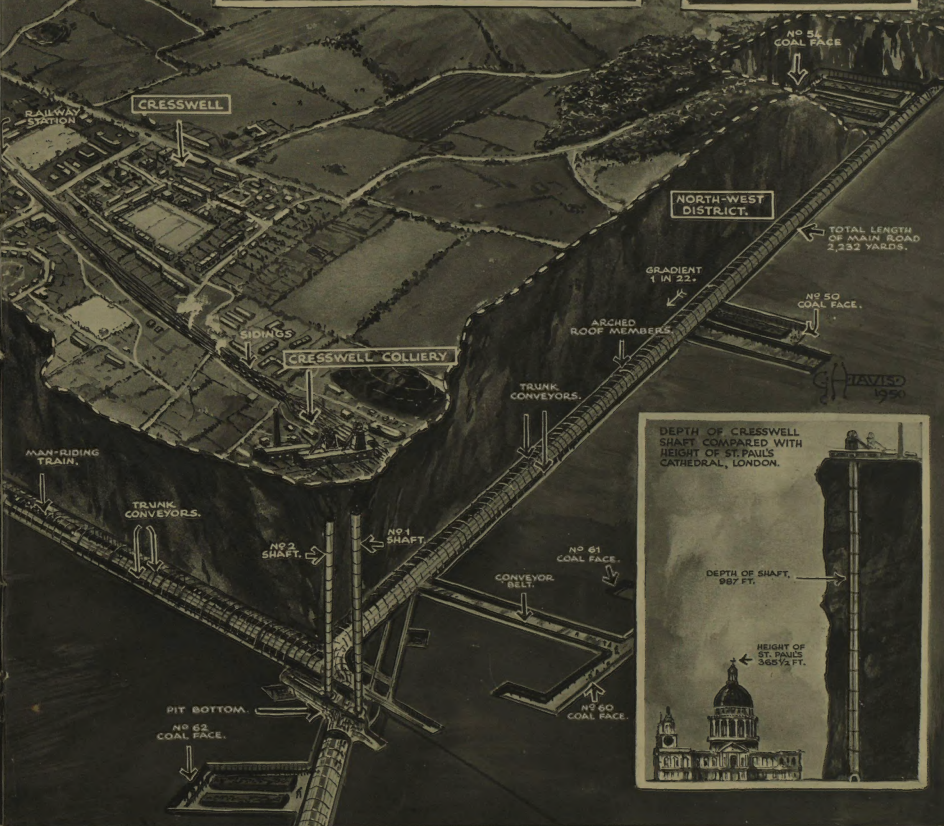
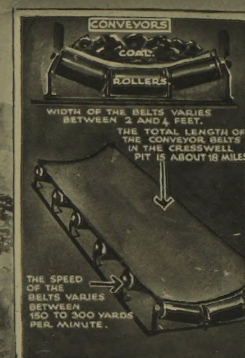
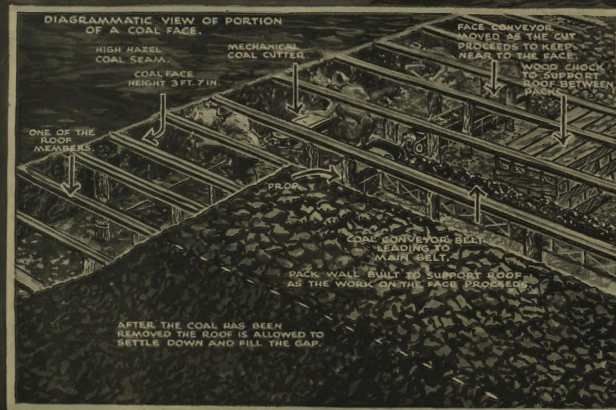
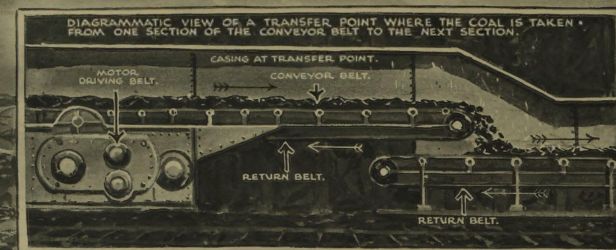


CRESWELL COLLIERY, WHERE EIGHTY MINERS PERISHED IN A FIRE AT THE JUNCTION OF TWO CONVEYER-BELTS. AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING AMBULANCES APPROACHING THE PITHEAD, AND ANXIOUS FAMILIES GATHERED AT THE OFFICES.

During the early-morning shift on September 26 at Creswell Colliery, North Derbyshire, not far from Worksop, fire broke out at the junction of two conveyer-belts about a mile from the pit shaft. Nineteen miners escaped uninjured but eighty were cut off and lost their lives. Six rescue teams tried to control the blaze and at one time fought their way to within 80 yards of the trapped men. But their efforts were in vain, and after 7½ hours it was decided to seal off the affected section. By the early morning of September 27 forty-seven bodies had

been recovered from the pit and twenty-five others had been seen in the distance, out of reach at the time. It was announced the same day that an immediate public inquiry into the cause of the disaster would be held. At a Press conference Mr. Noel-Baker, Minister of Fuel and Power, said that Creswell was regarded as an almost model colliery and the conveyer-belt was one of the finest in the country, and the fire had broken out at a point where, to guard against the danger of fire, the whole area had been cleared of timber and bricked up.





#### HOW DISASTER CAN STRIKE AN "ALMOST MODEL COLLIERY": DIAGRAMS ILLUSTRATING THE

Elsewhere in this issue we report the Cresswell Colliery disaster, in which eighty miners lost their lives on Sept. 27th., in what Mr. Noel-Baker described as an "almost model colliery", and, it was believed (though not proved at the time of writing) as a result of fire breaking out in a conveyor belt,

#### HIGH HAZEL SEAM AT THE CRESSWELL COLLIERY, WHERE EIGHTY MINERS PERISHED IN A FIRE.

which Mr. Noel-Baker described as "one of the newest and finest in the country". It is difficult for the layman to realise how so terrible a disaster can take place under such circumstances; and our drawings on these pages are to enable him to visualise the layout and security problems in coal mines.

Drawn by our special

artist, G. H. Davis.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I CAN think of a hundred reasons why I should have a new motor-car. I can only think of one why I should not. That is a very simple and, in fact, an overriding one: that thanks to Sir Stafford Cripps's beneficent and inescapable presence, I can't afford one. The problem of whether to buy one or not, even if a new one were readily obtainable, is thus solved for me. In any free economic community the same problem arises in the initiation of almost every human activity. And often it is not so easily solved.

A few weeks ago Great Britain decided to re-arm. There was little option in the matter, as it had become inescapably plain to nearly everyone that the only alternative was to allow the proselytes of the Kremlin to stage a tank procession to the English Channel and set up their air-fields, rocket sites and submarine bases along its shores as a preliminary to our bloody conversion to their Faith and way of life. And as only a few hundred thousand of us feel any desire for this Faith and way of life, and even fewer of us any sympathy with the means by which these strenuous blessings are enforced by the orthodox, it seemed both to us and our rulers that there was only one thing left to do. Faced by yet another object lesson of what happens in this wicked world to the unarmed, we, therefore, resolved without more ado to reverse the process of the last five years and resume our discarded arms. We even decided to pay our soldiers comparatively decently: the kind of resolution which Britons, and particularly British politicians, only make in time of the most dire necessity.

Having made this bold decision, we have now to pay for it. The trouble is we are already paying for so many other things that it is difficult to see where the money is to come from. We might, of course, give up some of the other desirables we have recently decided to have, like free false teeth and State-served patent medicines *ad lib.*, or the mounting hordes of valuable salaried and pensioned public officials whose notices of appointment and replacement occupy so large a proportion of the inadequate space in our graver national newspapers. But immensely powerful political and other vested interests render it extremely unlikely that we shall be able to dispense with either of these, and the minority who hope to see economies made in such ways are probably engaging in wishful thinking. We shall almost certainly have, for the present, at any rate, to look elsewhere for the wherewithal to pay the military piper.

The question is, where? Many people maintain that the taxation of incomes—higher in this country than in any other in the world—is now so high that it cannot go any higher. Speaking in terms of relative economic sanity, this may be true, but those who use this argument remind me of the horrified liner steward in the old *Punch* drawing, warning the impending passenger at the door of the smoking saloon, "You can't be sick here!" The sequel, it will be remembered,

was contained in the ominous words, "'Can't I?' (Is.)" But though nothing seems more likely than an increase in direct taxation to equal or even exceed the burdens we bore during the war—and those in

The gist, however, of this particular operation, it will be remembered, is to kill and eat the goose without destroying the supply of eggs. In a sense we have been experimenting with it ever since 1940. Not only

was Sir Stafford Cripps's famous and, I suspect, misleadingly named "Once-for-all" Capital Contribution applied two years ago, but for more than a decade the astronomical incidence of taxation on large incomes has forced the private possessors of estates, whether in land or money-securities, to tax their own capital to pay the tax-collector. This process of whittling-down had already been begun, and has been increasingly accelerated by the system of death duties. Large numbers of the former wealthy are living and meeting the demands of the Inland Revenue by realising each year a proportion of their dwindling assets. A majority of those with small savings or inherited fortunes have probably reached, or almost reached, the bottom of the barrel; in another decade, if the present rate of surtax is continued, even those with very large static capital resources will be approaching the proletarian level of independence. In other words, we shall no longer have an independent class. So low is the prevailing level of political education that large numbers of our people, including even many educated men, imagine we shall enjoy a freer and juster society as a result.

But there has been one defect in the logic of this well-intentioned and, from the administrator's point of view, orderly process—a defect which, like most defects in logic, arises from a failure to assess the character of human nature. Those with static capital wealth have been milked, or are in rapid process of being milked, to the last drop. Yet, as a glance at eventide towards the swing-doors of any large luxury hotel must show even the most reclusive student of fiscal policy, there are others whose wealth is manifest and whose capital—for their lavish personal expenditure could certainly not come from taxed income—is not diminishing but is steadily and rapidly increasing; and this in spite of their free outlay of it. For the successful speculator, for the man who knows how to use capital to enrich himself from the fluctuations of the market, the present age of penal taxation of income has proved a golden opportunity.

What the Turkey merchant was in the seventeenth century, the Indian nabob in the eighteenth, and the banker, brewer and ironmaster in the nineteenth, the "spiv," high and low, has become to-day. The Treasury's net misses him entirely or almost entirely. And the producer of real wealth—the true manufacturer as opposed to the financial controller of what is euphemistically called Industry, the inventor, the professional expert, the craftsman, the artist—is being taxed into impotence and out of all independence of action and capacity for initiative, in order to achieve a dead-level equality of opportunity which proves on examination to be no equality at all.



RECENTLY PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND: A PAINTING OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL BY WALTER SICKERT. The National Art-Collections Fund recently purchased a painting by Walter Sickert of Mr. Winston Churchill, which they hope ultimately to present to the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery. In the meantime they propose to lend it elsewhere. The portrait, reproduced above, is a head, life-size, in oils, painted between 1920 and 1930. Mr. Churchill is shown full-face with one hand just visible, holding a cigar from which the smoke is curling upwards. Walter Richard Sickert, painter and etcher, whose works are represented in art galleries in many parts of the world, died on January 22, 1942.

what are still in fiscal quarters hopefully called the higher-income groups are paying almost as much as they were in 1945—the amount of additional revenue obtainable from this source does not seem likely to be very great. One cannot obtain more milk from the cow than the cow at any given time contains. Calculating eyes are therefore being cast on the cow itself. In some quarters apprehensively, and in others exultingly, talk is being revived of that often-discussed but little-tried expedient, the capital levy. If the supply of golden eggs is already mortgaged to the hilt, what about the goose? It would not, after all, be the first time a Capitol had been saved by the providential presence of this useful bird.





MAKING THEIR WAY TO AN AMERICAN JEEP: SOME OF THE BRITISH TROOPS WOUNDED IN THE ACCIDENTAL BOMBING INCIDENT



AFTER THE ATTACK BY NORTH KOREANS WHICH FOLLOWED THE BOMBING INCIDENT: BRITISH WOUNDED AND OTHERS ON THE NAKTONG RIVER FRONT  
A TRAGIC INCIDENT OF WAR: SCENES AFTER THE BOMBING OF BRITISH TROOPS BY AMERICAN AIRCRAFT.

Casualties were fewer than was at first feared after the tragic error on September 23rd, when men of The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were mistakenly attacked by American aircraft during an advance towards Songju. Seeing the Highlanders' plight, the Communists im-

mediately attacked them. Despite their predicament, the Highlanders held them off long enough to evacuate all their wounded. Defying shelling, American ambulances waited for the wounded to be brought to them on the exposed eastern bank





U.S. MARINES "SMOKING OUT" NORTH KOREAN TROOPS FROM A SEOUL DRAINAGE CANAL.



ADVANCING THROUGH A SEOUL STREET BEHIND SUPPORTING PATTON TANKS.

THE FALL OF SEOUL: U.S. MARINES IN SCENES OF THE BITTER STREET FIGHTING





EVACUATING U.S. MARINE WOUNDED DURING THE SEOUL STREET FIGHTING.



A "FOX-HOLE" IN A SEOUL STREET. (BACKGROUND) A PATTON TANK BOMBARDS AN ENEMY POSITION.

WHICH PRECEDED THE SUDDEN COLLAPSE OF THE DEFENCE ON SEPTEMBER 28.





THE FIRST LITURGICAL CEREMONY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CONGRESS: HIGH MASS IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

Roman Catholic prelates from many parts of the world attended the recent London congress to commemorate the centenary of the restoration of the Hierarchy of England and Wales. The congress started on September 25th. with lectures and exhibitions and continued until September 30th. when a congress rally was arranged to be held at Wembley Stadium. The first liturgical ceremony of the congress took place in Westminster Cathedral at noon on September 27th., when Pontifical High Mass was sung by the Archbishop of Cardiff, the most Rev. Michael McGrath, and Cardinal Spellman,

the Archbishop of New York, preached. Our photograph shows a general view looking down the aisle towards the High Altar during the Pontifical High Mass when the body of the cathedral was filled with nuns representing the one-hundred-and-forty religious orders of women in this country. Since 1850 the religious orders of women in England and Wales have increased twentyfold from 14 to 140, their convents from 53 to 1,075. The orders of men have increased since 1850 from 10 to 70, and the number of priests from 275 to 2,360.





#### INSIDE ALEXANDRA PALACE: TELEVISION A PUPPET PROGRAMME FOR THREE-YEAR-OLD CHILDREN.

On a recent Tuesday our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau, visited the B.B.C. television studios at Alexandra Palace and made a number of sketches during the actual broadcasting of several programmes. That which we show was the first of a new series of programmes for very young children—parallel, substantially, with the sound programme, "Listen With Mother"—which has been put on after experiments and as a result of requests from a great number of mothers of three-year-olds and

the like. As will be seen in our drawing, the apparatus is at once complex and compressed, camera, sound boom, singer, musical effects, lighting, two puppet manipulators with identical puppets to ensure continuity, and monitor all being concentrated round the tiny stage—the top of a grand piano—on which the control-room window (above the "No Smoking" sign) looks down. The monitor (right) is a television screen showing the act in progress. Other pictures overleaf.

DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



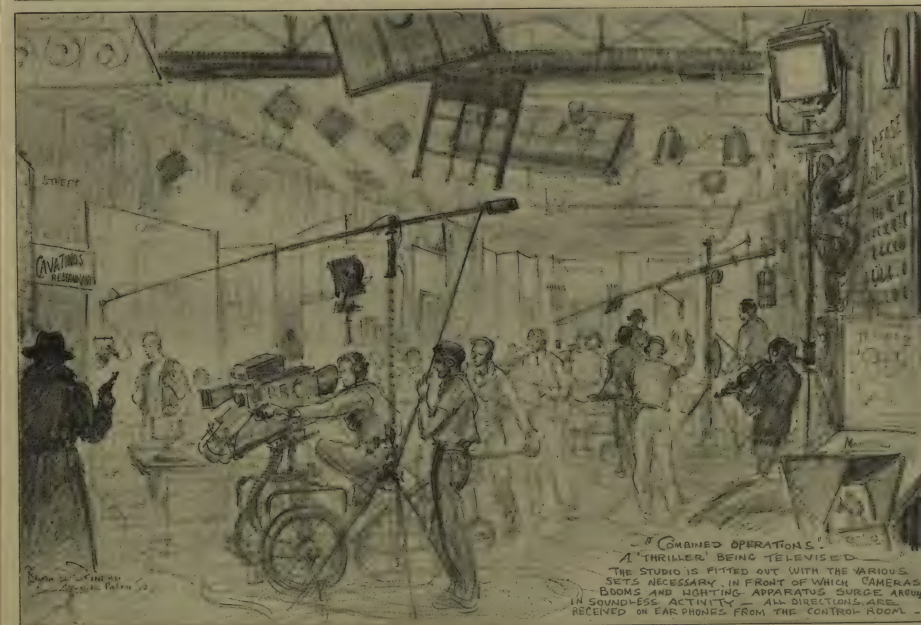


# INSIDE ALEXANDRA PALACE: EXCLUSIVE DRAWINGS REVEALING HOW THE TECHNIQUES OF THEATRE,

This autumn has been marked by the issue of the 500,000th television licence. In order to arrive at the size of television audiences the B.B.C. used to multiply the licence figure by five. This they have now reduced to nearer four; but even so, it will be seen that the television audience is over two

millions—and that, too, mainly confined to areas of 60-mile radius from Alexandra Palace and Sutton Coldfield. The field, therefore—especially when future expansion is considered—is immense, and it is believed that these drawings made during performances at Alexandra Palace by our Special,

DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"



# FILM AND RADIO ARE COMBINED TO BRING A VISION PROGRAMME INTO HALF-A-MILLION HOMES.

Artist, Bryan de Graineau, will have a wide interest for our readers. As the very great majority of television programmes are broadcast "live" and consequently do not permit of cuts or re-recording, the problems are not so much those of radio as of the theatre, with the added complication of

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRAINEAU.

elaborate machinery. Even a short programme requires several sets and more than one camera to ensure smooth continuity, and the whole operation on the studio floor is conducted in absolute silence, the individual operatives all being linked (by headphones) with the brain-centre—the gallery control room.



## THE MODERN MARVEL OF TELEVISION: AN EXPLANATION OF THE BASIC PRINCIPLES AND A SURVEY OF THE BRITISH NETWORK.

TELEVISION history is being made this autumn by the issue of the B.B.C.'s 500,000th television receiving licence. Half-a-million licence-holders means a nightly audience of at least a million people who, in the comfort of their homes, are entertained by broadcast programmes of pictures, music and speech.

Television as we know it to-day commenced as a public service in Great Britain in 1937, but had to be closed down in September, 1939, when war broke out. Programmes were recommenced in 1946, when the Victory Parade formed one of the great features of interest to television viewers, among whom were about 20,000 licence-holders.

Since then the viewing public has grown by thousands each month, largely due to the excellence of the programmes, which include items of popular appeal such as Royal occasions, the Boat Race, the Derby, cricket, football, tennis and



THE TELEVISION CAMERA LOOKS DOWN ON LONDON: A TEST FLIGHT OVER THE CAPITAL DURING WHICH SCENES WERE BROADCAST TO AN AUDIENCE OF TECHNICIANS PRIOR TO AIR-TO-GROUND BROADCASTS TO TELEVISION'S 2,000,000 VIEWERS.

On September 27 a television camera mounted in a Bristol *Freighter* transport aircraft was operating over London during a test flight prior to air-to-ground broadcasts to television's vast network of 500,000 sets arranged for the week-end, September 30 to October 1. The camera was mounted on the port quarter, with the camera looking through the door-space at the ground a thousand or more feet below. In the aircraft was a team of four engineers and a quantity of specially-mounted apparatus. Many difficulties have presented themselves, such as radio reflections from the aircraft, which have had to be overcome before the broadcast could be attempted.

other sporting events, apart from the variety of fare provided from within the television studios.

Television is transmitted from two stations: one at Alexandra Palace (north of London), and the other, the world's most powerful television transmitter, is at Sutton Coldfield, about ten miles north of Birmingham. The B.B.C. plans to provide by 1954 three more major stations to cover northern England, central Scotland, and Wales and the south-west of England. Smaller stations will be at Aberdeen, Belfast, Newcastle, Southampton and Plymouth.

The broadcasting of sound alone, with which many of us have been familiar since the programmes began in 1922, is relatively simpler in method than television. In the early days of "wireless" thousands of the public wound a coil of wire around a cardboard tube, made a "cat-whisker" crystal detector, put up a length of aerial wire, and with a pair of head-phones could listen nightly to broadcast music and speech. To-day, the miracle of television is brought about by intricate apparatus which is beyond the skill of the average amateur to construct. Nevertheless, the owner of a television receiver may switch it on with no more effort than that required for an ordinary radio receiver.

To explain all of the highly technical principles of television transmission and reception is beyond the compass of this article and consequently only a general outline is given here. The two chief components are, first, the television camera, which records scenes enacted in the studios at Alexandra Palace or elsewhere. The camera converts light and shade details of the scene into electrical pulsations which are broadcast from the transmitting station on a carrier-wave and picked up on the aerial erected above one's house. The second component is the cathode-ray tube, on whose slightly curved face we see the televised pictures. Camera and tube are invisibly connected by the carrier-wave which bears signals of varying electrical intensity representing light and shade values, and these re-create a picture on the screen of the home receiver.

The lens of the television camera projects an image of what it sees on to a special screen covered with a mosaic of minute photo-electric nodules, each insulated from the other. These nodules become charged with electricity, greater or less, in proportion to the amount of light falling upon them. Thus, the screen becomes an electrical representation of the image cast by the camera lens. Within the camera a stream of electrons (negative particles of electricity) is aimed by an electron-gun at the mosaic screen, and moves across it in a series of horizontal lines until the whole of the screen has been explored in a fraction of one second. The electrical charges on the nodules of the screen are carried away by the electron stream and form a vision signal which is amplified and broadcast from the transmitting aerials.

When successions of vision signals are reaching the home television set, they are amplified and conveyed to an electron-gun situated in the narrow end of the cathode-ray tube. The large end forms the viewing screen and its internal surface is coated with a layer of fluorescent material which glows and emits light when bombarded by the electron-gun.

By electrical control the electrons are aimed so that they cause a spot of light of varying intensity to be traced in a series of horizontal lines across the viewing screen. The picture is built up line by line from top to bottom of the screen, as the result, in part, of the electron-gun being controlled by the intensity of the electric currents fashioned by the television camera while scanning the original scene. Other controls cause the electron-gun in the home receiver to stop at the end of each line, then to fly back to commence the next line.

This action continues at tremendous speed until each picture phase, comprised of 405 lines, is completed. Twenty-five picture phases, or frames, are completed in one second, and by a method known as "interlacing" of the lines, flicker is prevented, so that viewers see on the screen what appears to be continuity of movement.

The sounds which accompany television programmes are picked up by microphones at the source in the usual way, and the electrical equivalent of the sound is broadcast on a wave-length distinct from the vision wave-length.

Television sets vary in price according to the size of the viewing screen and other factors. Screen size is governed by the dimensions of the cathode-ray tube employed in the receiver. Large tubes are not only much more costly to make, but the cabinet and its electrical equipment needs to be on a greater scale.

A screen approximately 9 by 7 ins. is big enough for intimate viewing by a few people in the average home, but if, as often happens, a would-be enthusiast desires to invite several friends to join the family for a television evening, then a receiver with a larger screen is admirable for the purpose. For invalids in particular television is a boon indeed.

That television reception in the home has already met with the interest and approval of half-a-million licence-holders is proof that a large section of the public appreciates its value as an entertainment factor. The programmes cater for all tastes and include plays by Shakespeare, Galsworthy, Priestley and many other authors. Musical performances to be given in the near future include "Madam Butterfly," Donizetti's comic opera "Don Pasquale," and a one-act operatic drama, "Il Tabarro," by Puccini.

Television Newsreel films, now given on two evenings a week, will soon be sent out as fresh news items thrice weekly on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, with repeats on intervening nights. Outside Broadcasts due to be televised include the Cenotaph Service, the Alamein Reunion, the Lord Mayor's Show, a visit to the National Maritime Museum to coincide with Trafalgar Day, and various sporting events. Children have their own special items—Muffin the Mule, Peter Rabbit, and jugglers, magic and clowns.



THE FIRST AIR-TO-GROUND TELEVISION BROADCAST: THE TEAM OF ENGINEERS IN A BRISTOL *FREIGHTER* AIRCRAFT FLYING OVER LONDON AND OPERATING THE MONITOR AND TRANSMITTER DURING A TEST FLIGHT ON SEPTEMBER 27.

For the miracle of Television we are indebted to British scientists and to the enterprising leaders of the British radio industry. Broadcasting of sound alone commenced twenty-eight years ago. It was founded by six radio manufacturers in order to build a new industry and to develop a new art.

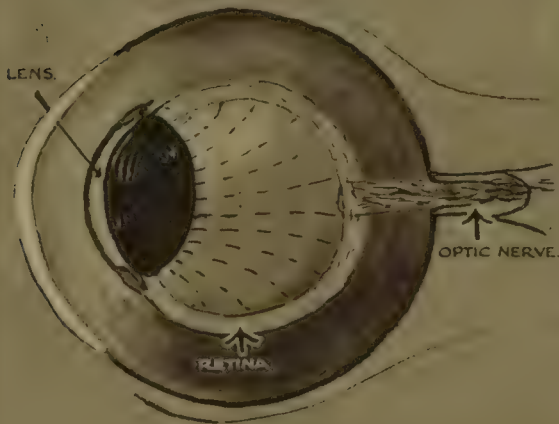
In the years that followed, the radio industry continued to grow, aiming always at providing better transmission and receiving apparatus. In 1937 it produced the installation which broadcast Television as a public service in England.

Brains and money had been used without stint, and in support of the confidence shown by the radio manufacturers, the Government, through the B.B.C., started the new Television Service, which remains to-day, in equipment, personnel and programmes, the finest in the world.



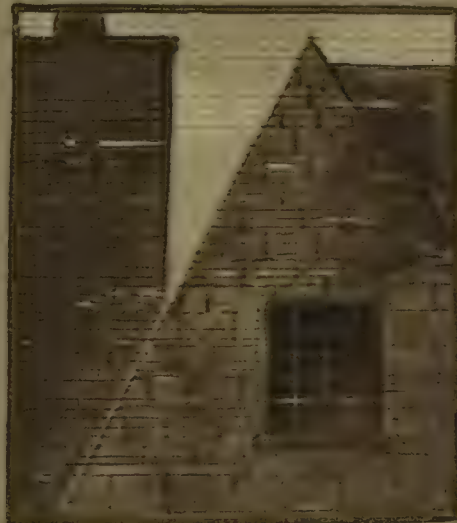
HOW THE TELEVISION PICTURE IS BUILT UP IN THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC CAMERA.

THE TELEVISION CAMERA IS AN INGENUOUS THOUGH CRUDE, MODEL OF THE HUMAN EYE WHOSE OPTIC NERVE CONVEYS INSTANTLY TO THE BRAIN ALL DETAILS PASSED BY THE LENS TO THE RETINA.



ALL PARTS OF EVERYTHING WE LOOK AT ARE SEEN BY THE EYES INSTANTANEOUSLY. IF THE HOUSE SHOWN ABOVE IS BEING TELEVIEWED, EACH TINY DETAIL OF THE IMAGE FOCUSED ON THE "RETINA" OR SCREEN OF THE TELEVISION CAMERA MUST BE DEALT WITH SEPARATELY IN ORDER TO TRANSMIT THE COMPLETE VIEW.

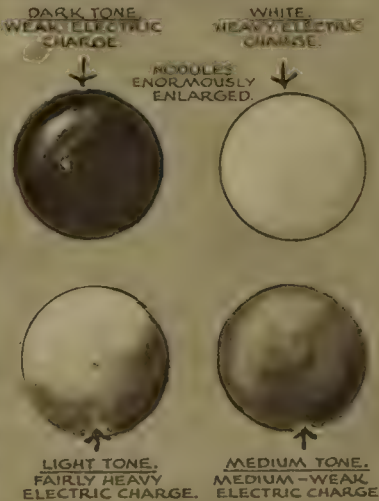
IN TELEVISION THE PROCESS OF "SCANNING" IS USED WHEREBY THE IMAGE ON THE SCREEN OF THE TELEVISION CAMERA IS IMPINGED UPON, POINT BY POINT, IN A SERIES OF HORIZONTAL LINES, BY A BEAM OF ELECTRONS SHOT FORTH BY AN ELECTRON GUN.



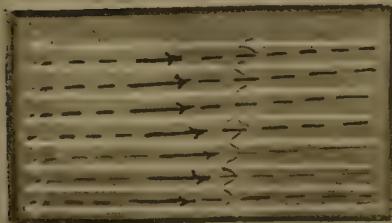
THE LENS OF THE TELEVISION CAMERA PROJECTS THE IMAGE OF THE SCENE ON TO A SCREEN WHICH BEARS A LAYER OF PHOTO-SENSITIVE NODULES. EACH NODULE REPRESENTS A FRACTION OF LIGHT OR DARK TONE WHICH IS DEALT WITH BY THE ELECTRON-GUN WHILE SCANNING IS IN PROGRESS.



WHILE THE ELECTRON BEAM IMPINGES ON EACH NODULE, MINUTE ELECTRIC CHARGES ARE COLLECTED. THESE CHARGES CORRESPOND IN STRENGTH TO THE LIGHTNESS OR DARKNESS OF THE PICTURE IMAGE.

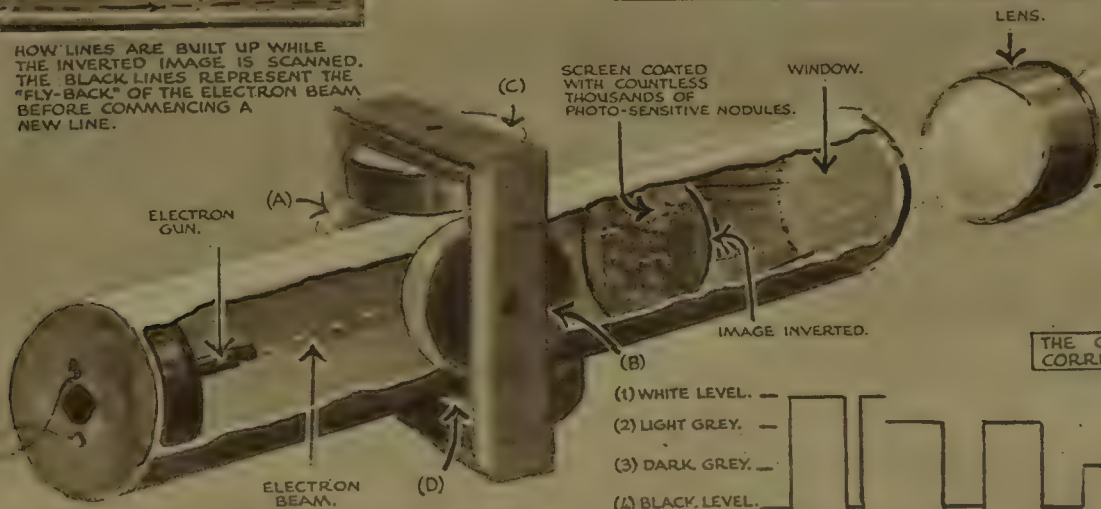


SCANNING.



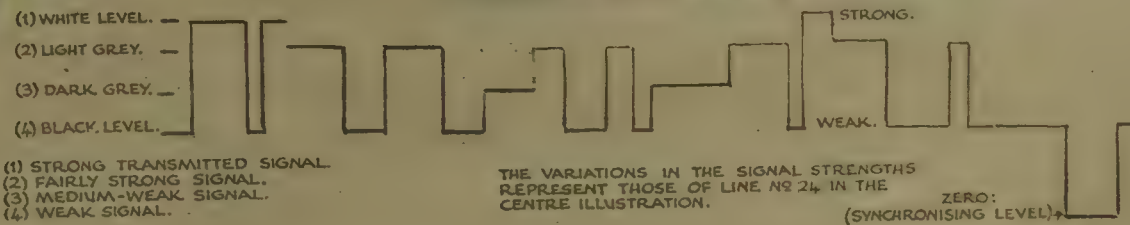
HOW LINES ARE BUILT UP WHILE THE INVERTED IMAGE IS SCANNED. THE BLACK LINES REPRESENT THE "FLY-BACK" OF THE ELECTRON BEAM BEFORE COMMENCING A NEW LINE.

A SIMPLIFIED DIAGRAM OF THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC CAMERA TUBE.



THE OPTICAL IMAGE IS PROJECTED BY THE LENS ON TO THE SCREEN COATED WITH PHOTO-SENSITIVE NODULES WHICH BEING EFFECTED BY LIGHT FORMS BY THE EMISSION OF PHOTO-ELECTRONS AN ELECTRICAL IMAGE CORRESPONDING TO THE OPTICAL IMAGE.

THE GRAPH BELOW SHOWS THE ELECTRICAL STRENGTH CORRESPONDING TO THE SHADE TONES OF THE PICTURE.

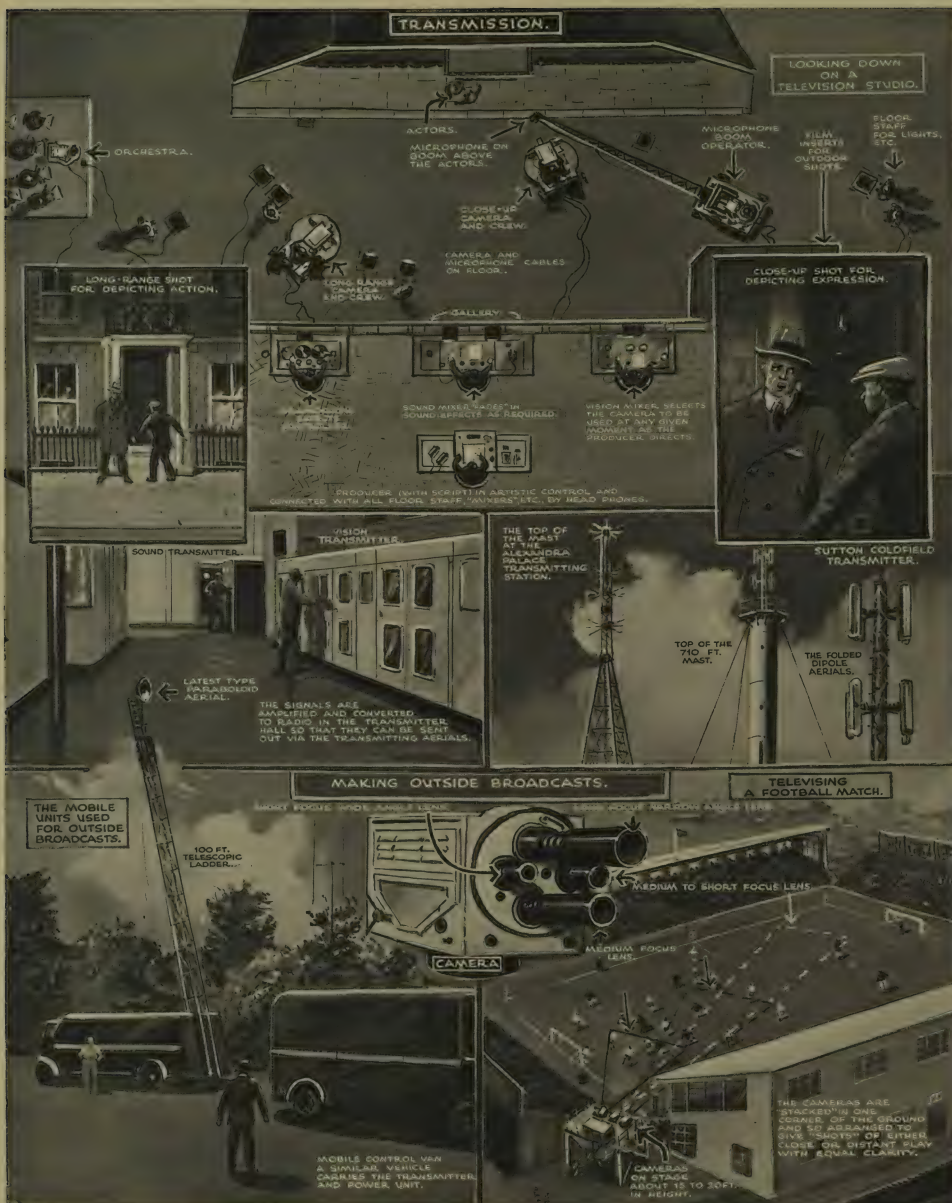


TELEVISION: DIAGRAMS EXPLAINING HOW SCENES ARE RECORDED BY A SPECIAL CAMERA FOR BROADCASTING.

The television camera has a lens which projects what it sees on to a sensitive surface, but the details of the picture image are "developed" by electrical means. Each tiny portion of the focussed picture has to be scanned by electrons in order

to transmit a replica image of the original scene to the viewing-screen of the television receiver in the home. The drawings above and those on other pages provide further information of interest to television enthusiasts.





## TELEVISION: THE METHODS USED BY THE B.B.C. FOR THE TRANSMISSION AND RECEPTION

That television programmes are of great interest to an ever-growing section of the British public is shown by the fact that already about half-a-million television licences have been issued. Above we give drawings which throw light on

the technical methods used by the B.B.C. for the transmission of televised scenes taking place in the studios at Alexandra Palace, or while sporting and other events

Drawings made by our Special Artist, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE

## OF SCENES WHICH ARE TAKING PLACE IN THE B.B.C. STUDIOS, OR OF OUTDOOR EVENTS.

transmissions are brought into the home so that the original scenes become re-enacted instantaneously on the screens of the television receivers, and accompanied by sound. In addition to the lighter forms of entertainment, television

lends itself to educational and cultural subjects—State occasions, plays, talks dealing with scientific matters, exhibitions, industries and other topical events of national interest.

ASSISTANCE OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



**ALTHOUGH** *Anemone japonica* is perhaps the most completely beautiful member of its large family—I would almost say one of the most beautiful of all hardy

herbaceous flowers—it was not of this species that I intended to write. It would seem ungrateful, however—even disrespectful—to ignore this industrious beauty, which lives, apparently, for ever and ever, content with almost any soil, in sun or shade, town or country, and with the utmost regularity throws up in August and September great sheaves of its large white or rose-pink blossoms on 3- to 4-ft. stems. How right William Robinson was in putting a simple spray of *Anemone japonica*, engraved in gold, on the cover of his classic "The English Flower Garden."

The roots of this anemone are formidable rope-like things of almost woody texture, which plunge deep down into the soil. Yet in spite of this they are not unmanageable. In fact, the plant moves surprisingly well, and if you wish to increase it on a larger scale than by merely lifting and dividing, nothing could be simpler than doing so by root cuttings. Dig up roots, cut them into pieces about an inch long, lay them on their sides on a pan of soil, cover with half an inch of silver sand, and place in a cold frame. The best time is spring or early summer. In a short while each section of root will be sending down roots into the soil from one end and pushing up leaves to the surface from the other end. At this stage the youngsters may be potted singly in small pots and grown on for a while until it is convenient to plant them out.

Three to four feet is about the average height of *Anemone japonica*, but recently I saw a vast colony of both the pink and the white, an ancient and noble concourse of veterans, which stood well over 6 ft.

*Anemone alpina* is often abundant in the Alps, yet in the garden it is hardly ever seen. The only specimen in captivity that I could name offhand, here and now, grows on the rock garden in the Royal Botanic Gardens at Edinburgh. Doubtless there are others scattered about the country, but I have not met them. It is a very great pity that this superb species should be so rare in cultivation. The reason

## A FEW ANEMONES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

between, globe flowers and cranesbills, potentillas and mountain pansies, Martagon lilies, thalictrums and great tracts of the fragrant *Daphne striata* were flowering. Above all these, *Aquilegia alpina*, with its great wide-spreading sapphire blossoms, was fully out in great quantity, and with them were superb clumps of *Anemone alpina*, the very large white blossoms flushed outside with dove-blue and with a fountain of golden anthers in their centres. It was all overwhelming, almost painfully beautiful, especially after six or so years of beastliness, and seven or eight years of total abstinence from the Alps.



THE MAGNIFICENT *Anemone alpina*, RARELY SEEN IN THIS COUNTRY OWING TO THE PROBLEM OF PROPAGATING IT. THE ONLY METHOD IS BY SEED, WHICH IS SLOW, BUT WHICH (WRITES MR. ELLIOTT) "SHOULD REWARD SOME METHUSELAH WITH SUCCESS AND THE GARDENING PUBLIC WITH THE CHANCE OF ACQUIRING THIS MAGNIFICENT ANEMONE."

As there was no chance of collecting ripe seed I decided to try to secure at least one of those thousands of plants of *Anemone alpina*. For the rest of the morning I sat upon the steep hillside, mining round a moderately small specimen, digging, scrabbling and prising out great buried chunks of rock with a long and powerful collecting trowel of my own invention. It was heart-breaking work. The great woody root went down and down without a sign of fibre. In the end I secured a foot or two of what looked like vulcanised bell-rope, but I felt very sure that I had left many times that length of root still embedded in the hillside. I nursed my trophy home most tenderly, and tended it with all the luxuries of the season when I got it home. It lingered for a distressingly long time—and died.

In 1948, I made another post-war return to Lautaret and adopted another and less laborious technique with *Anemone alpina*. The plant's root is so very like that of *Anemone japonica* that I hit on the idea of root cuttings. To secure suitable lengths of roots for this I decided to rely upon bulldozers instead of my trowel. A new road had been cut above Lautaret, up the Galibier Pass, and there were steep, raw banks in the mountainside above the road. I made a special expedition up the pass and, as I expected, I found places in the cuttings above the road where fine lengths of anemone roots were left exposed by eroding and falling earth. Without labour or difficulty I secured several feet of really promising bell-rope. To make quite sure, however, I arranged to have a quantity of ripe *Anemone alpina* seed collected and sent to me in England some weeks after my return home. The roots were a complete failure. Looking so like the roots of *Anemone japonica* and treated in the same way, I had great hopes of them.

But not a single root cutting survived. The seed was, I fear, collected a little too early and so not fully ripe.

Out of a whole boot-box full, only a few germinated. But those few are now fit and hearty, potted-up and waiting to be planted out in my garden. If I take great care of my health, I may perhaps survive to see them flower. It is not perhaps surprising that *Anemone alpina* is so scarce in cultivation. But a colony of established, flowering and seeding specimens should reward some Methuselah with success and the gardening public with the chance of acquiring this magnificent anemone. My experience of getting folk on the spot to collect and send me seeds of their common native flowers has been bitter, but I suppose it might be possible to have annual supplies of *Anemone alpina* seed sent.

*Anemone sulphurea* is, in effect, *Anemone alpina* with sulphur-yellow flowers. Whether they are distinct species or whether *sulphurea* is a variety of *alpina*—or vice versa—I am uncertain. For garden purposes it does not greatly matter. In nature *alpina* is supposed to affect non-lime formations, whilst *sulphurea* is more usually found on the limestone, as in the Dolomites, but I suspect that they do not always adhere very rigidly to this arrangement. In the garden, at any rate, they appear to be indifferent in the matter and both are great beauties—if you can manage to get hold of them.

*Anemone vernalis* is often extremely abundant in the Alps, growing by the thousand and by the acre in the short alpine turf at from 6000 to 7000-ft. altitude. The plant forms compact tufts, with low-spreading, fern-like leaves and huge goblet-flowers on stems only 3 or 4 ins. high. The petals are pearly-white, flushed outside with blue-grey which is sometimes shot with a pinkish tone. In the centre of the goblet is a brush of golden anthers. The stems are clothed with golden silky fur which becomes a silky down on the backs of the petals. This very lovely anemone is not difficult to grow and, seeding freely, both in the wild and in the garden, is easily increased.



WITH STEMS "CLOTHED WITH GOLDEN SILKY FUR WHICH BECOMES A SILKY DOWN ON THE BACKS OF THE PETALS": *Anemone vernalis*, WHOSE PEARLY-WHITE FLOWERS ARE "FLUSHED OUTSIDE WITH BLUE-GRAY WHICH IS SOMETIMES SHOT WITH A PINKISH TONE."

for its scarcity in gardens is, I think, that although it is not difficult to grow, it is slow to propagate and practically impossible to dig up in the Alps. Raising from seed is the only sure way, and that is a slow, waiting game.

In 1920 I made my first post- (1914) war return to the Alps. On my first morning at the Col de Lautaret, a favourite hunting-ground of mine, I went for a solitary prowling along a path on a well-remembered hillside. All up and down the slopes were colonies of dwarf scrubby alder bushes, and, in the herbage



THE WELL-KNOWN *Anemone japonica*, AN "INDUSTRIOUS BEAUTY, WHICH LIVES, APPARENTLY, FOR EVER AND EVER, CONTENT WITH ALMOST ANY SOIL, IN SUN OR SHADE, TOWN OR COUNTRY, AND WITH THE UTMOST REGULARITY THROWS UP IN [AUTUMN] GREAT SHEAVES OF ITS LARGE WHITE OR ROSE-PINK BLOSSOMS . . ."

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

It flowers in its second year after seed-sowing. It should be given an open sunny position on the rock garden, and grouped in open scattered formation, among neighbours as dwarf and choice as itself, and light, not-too-rich soil is what it likes best.

Our native Pasque-flower, *Anemone pulsatilla*, is so beautiful and such a good garden plant that it is capable of holding its own with *alpina*, *sulphurea* and *vernal*. I must reserve it, however, for an account of—a few more anemones.





### SALVIA "AFRICAN SKIES": A BEAUTIFUL HARDY NEWCOMER TO THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

On our page "In an English Garden" on Sept. 30, Mr. Clarence Elliott described how he received from a friend, Mr. A. C. Buller, of Stellenbosch, South Africa, some roots of a new salvia which the latter commended in glowing terms and with unrestrained enthusiasm. The roots did not survive the journey, but Mr. Buller persevered and a later consignment arrived in good condition. The plant flowered with blooms of a pale, clear, luminous sky-blue, proving it worthy of the name Salvia "African Skies." In 1947 Mr. Elliott took a few flowering sprays to the

Royal Horticultural Society and put them before the Floral Committee. It was given an Award of Merit and only missed the First Class Certificate by a single vote. He then handed over almost his entire stock to Mr. J. S. Baker, of Codsall, Wolverhampton, so that this beautiful and reliable hardy herbaceous plant might be made available to the gardening world. As a result, Salvia "African Skies" makes her real début at the Royal Horticultural Society this autumn. Our Natural Colour Photograph is of one of the sprays shown at the R.H.S. last year.

*From a Natural Colour Photograph specially taken for "The Illustrated London News."*





TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE R.A. WINTER EXHIBITION "HOLBEIN AND HIS FOLLOWERS": PRINCESS MARY TUDOR, LATER QUEEN MARY I, IN HER YOUTH; A FINE PORTRAIT WHICH HAS RECENTLY COME TO LIGHT. (Reproduced by Courtesy of the Owner, Sir Bruce Ingram, O.B.E., M.C.)

# SISTER PRINCESSES WHO BOTH BECAME QUEENS REGNANT OF ENGLAND

The beautiful portrait of Mary I. of England (1516-1558), daughter of Katharine of Aragon and Henry VIII., painted before her accession in 1553, or her marriage to Philip II. of Spain in 1554, recently came to light. The quality of the painting and the general style indicate the School of Holbein, and as the owner, Sir Bruce Ingram, is lending it to the Royal Academy to be shown at their Winter Exhibition "Holbein and His Followers," it will be extremely interesting for visitors to be able to compare it with the numerous celebrated

works by Hans Holbein, the Younger (1497-1543), Court Painter to Henry VIII., which will be on view. Mary Tudor, Queen Regnant of England, is chiefly remembered for her persecution of Protestants, and her unenviable sobriquet is known to every school-child; yet this portrait shows her as a pathetic young woman with an appealing expression. She looks neither sour nor severe, and, indeed, the portrait brings to mind the facts that she was kind to her attendants and showed no vindictiveness against those who conspired against her life. Her



TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE R.A. WINTER EXHIBITION "HOLBEIN AND HIS FOLLOWERS": PRINCESS ELIZABETH TUDOR, LATER QUEEN ELIZABETH I, IN HER YOUTH; A FINE PORTRAIT ATTRIBUTED TO SIR ANTONIO MORE. (Reproduced by Courtesy of the Owner, Lord Milford.)

# FINE PORTRAITS OF HENRY VIII.'S DAUGHTERS, MARY AND ELIZABETH.

devotion to the Roman Catholic faith, in which she was nurtured, was her ruling characteristic, and she believed that acceptance of it was the only way to salvation—a tenet which, no doubt, convinced her that she was saving the immortal souls of those whom she had burned at the stake. The fine portrait of Princess Elizabeth Tudor (1533-1603), daughter of Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII., makes a most interesting pair to the Mary Tudor, her half-sister, whom she succeeded on the throne. Both have the red-gold hair of their father, Henry VIII. It came up for sale at Christie's

in 1936 on the order of the then owner, Sir Cuthbert Guiler, Bart., and was catalogued as by Sir Antonio More (1512-c.1582). Dr. Waagen, who saw it in the collection of Sir Andrew Fontaine, of Narford Hall, Norfolk, described it as follows: "This picture, which is very animatedly conceived, left the impression on my mind of being one of Holbein's works of his latest time. . . . As is the case with the painting of Princess Mary, it will be interesting to compare it with Holbein's portraits in the R.A. Winter Exhibition to which its owner, Lord Milford, is generously lending it.





A COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT DURING AN ATTACK BY THE 5TH U.S.A.F. ON NORTH KOREAN TARGETS: AN AMMUNITION TRUCK IS EXPLODING AT THE FAR END OF THE BRIDGE, WHICH HAS BEEN DAMAGED AT THE NEARER END. A BLACK SPECK (FOREGROUND) MARKS CAMOUFLAGED A.-A. GUNS.

## THE FIRST WAR PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOUR TO BE PUBLISHED, U.S.A.F. ACTION IN KOREA.

THE speed of modern communications and the efficiency of present-day photography have made it possible for wars to be reported vividly, but never before the Korean conflict have photographs in colour been published showing air attacks in progress. We give two taken from an American reconnaissance aircraft during attacks by the 5th United States Air Force. In the upper photograph the bridge spanning a typical wide, shallow Korean river, with many sandbanks, has had a direct hit at one end, while an ammunition truck at the other is actually exploding. In the lower photograph a village (left) which contained enemy vehicles and troops is burning.

(RIGHT.) A COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT OF AN ATTACK BY U.S. AIRCRAFT ON A VILLAGE CONCEALING NORTH KOREAN VEHICLES AND TROOPS. A BURNING JEEP IS ON THE ROAD IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, AND A RUSSIAN-BUILT TANK IN THE FOREGROUND.





ON September 16 a combined operation transformed the character and prospects of the war in Korea, when United States Marines landed under cover from the Allied fleets and air forces at Inchon, known in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904 as Chemulpo. (On February 9 of that year the Japanese attacked a small Russian squadron in the harbour without declaration of war, and the cruisers *Variag* and *Koriets* were sunk, the latter by her own crew.) Simultaneously the Americans secured the valuable airfield of Kimpo, north of the Han. At the beginning of September the North Koreans had launched a powerful offensive in south-eastern Korea. The American forces, and still more those of their South Korean allies, went through a bad period, and though the situation was afterwards stabilised, it was only after the loss of a great deal of ground. I was struck by the length of time since the last American reinforcements had arrived and by the fact that no further intervention was reported at the ugliest moment of the fighting. The state of affairs may have been less critical than the more excited reports indicated, but it was undoubtedly serious. I felt convinced that reinforcements had been sent and concluded that a landing was about to take place outside the holding in the south-east, but I must acknowledge that my eye did not turn to Inchon. Possibly the enemy's did.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### AMERICAN INITIATIVE IN KOREA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*



THE CAPTURE OF SEOUL: U.S. MARINES RESTING BEHIND AN EMBANKMENT IN A VILLAGE THREE MILES FROM THE CITY UNDER ENEMY FIRE DURING THE ATTACK. THE COLLAPSE OF ALL RESISTANCE IN THE CITY TOOK PLACE ON SEPTEMBER 28 FOLLOWING A NORTH KOREAN DECISION TO BREAK OFF ALL ENGAGEMENTS

On September 26 General MacArthur announced the recapture of Seoul, the capital of the Republic of Korea. The United Nations forces employed in the operation included the 17th Regiment of the Republic of Korea's army and elements of the U.S. 7th and 1st Marine Divisions. The decisive factor was the crossing of the Han River by the U.S. 32nd Regiment, 7th Division and the South Korean 17th Regiment, which enabled them to take the defence in the rear. The Marines had many casualties, some inflicted by snipers behind them whom they had not had time to hunt out in their swift drive into the city. But their losses were much fewer than those of the Communists, and fewer than had been expected. Major-General Almond, Commander of the X Army Corps, reported that "Co-ordination of air, tank, artillery and infantry fire-power, made possible the seizure of the enemy's defences with minimum losses." On September 27 it was reported that two-thirds of Seoul had been cleared of Communists, and fighting was continuing to clear the remaining pockets of enemy resistance in the city.

The new landing was well conceived and executed. It made use of the spring tides, when the rise on this part of the coast is remarkably high. There were reports that the surprise was not complete and that there had already been some movement of hostile troops towards Inchon and Seoul; but there was no serious resistance to the landing and for some days the defence was haphazard and without organisation. I confess I expected the main force of the Marines to cross the Han earlier than it did and the assault on Seoul to be launched before September 22; but it would be foolish and impertinent to criticise the apparent delay without knowledge of the details or of the difficulties which the command had to face. Despite their confusion, the North Koreans managed to move considerable forces into the city from north, east and south before the roads were blocked. Since they have proved themselves dour fighters, it looked as though there would be a fierce struggle for the modern ferro-concrete core of Seoul, and this outlook was found correct.

An unofficial statement had put the strength of the landing force at two-and-a-half divisions at least, but up to the time of the assault on Seoul the only other formation disclosed was the 7th Division, previously in Japan. On September 22, the day of the assault, this division advanced southward on the main road, one of the later branches of which leads to the southern front, and entered the town of Suwon, some twenty miles south of Seoul. Since the 22nd was also marked by an apparent break-up of the defence on the southern front, this move foretold a stormy future for the enemy retreating from it, though he can doubtless make use of various tracks which are too bad for the Americans to hold, and his chances of making his way through will to a great extent depend on the manner in which the pursuit is pressed from the old "box." The manner in which the Americans have cut in on the west coast is as bold as it is skilful, since unless more troops are brought in than we have yet heard of, they will be heavily outnumbered. It has occurred to me that further troops may be transported from the southern front, as there are large South Korean forces available for the pursuit, but this is pure speculation.

For several days after the landing in the west had taken place events on this southern front had a mysterious air. It was immediately reported that the enemy was "in flight," but if the defence was conducted only by rearguards, they must have been strong and determined. It is true that the defence of Waegwan was feeble, but elsewhere little progress was made by the Allies at first. The North Koreans clung to their positions and, at some points, carried out counter-attacks. Whatever the extent of their movement northward and westward, it seems to have been conducted for the most part under cover of darkness, to judge by the paucity of news of columns on the march by day and the small size of those reported. On the 22nd there occurred a notable loosening, and both American and South Korean forces made deep advances. The British brigade was then in action about seven miles west of the Nakdong River. On the left flank the United States 25th Division moved rapidly along the south coast road, and by dusk its head was approaching Chinju, some thirty miles west of Masan. Large hostile forces were enveloped by the 1st Cavalry Division and South Korean troops, several hundreds of the enemy having already surrendered. Next day, Sangju, forty miles north-west of Taegu, was captured. While much arduous work might lie ahead, it was clear that the long travail of the southern front was over.

I must acknowledge that at this time I could not divine the intentions of the American command in this radiation of its columns like the spokes of a half-wheel. The main object must be to catch the maximum number of North Korean troops before they can join their comrades on the northern front or escape beyond the 38th parallel. Up to the time of writing, however, it is hard to be sure which, beyond a few obvious ones, are the vital

points on the communications across the peninsula, and what proportion of the enemy force has already avoided the clutches of the pursuit. One North Korean division—the 7th—had earlier been reported to have disappeared from the scene. The fewer North Korean forces contrive to get away across the 38th Parallel and the heavier the battering they have received in the process, the easier will be the task of the Americans in clearing up the country and eliminating the pockets of resistance sure to be left behind. If the North Korean army has ceased to be an effective fighting force, there may also be no need to consider the problem of going beyond the 38th Parallel. I should be glad if this could be avoided, because I feel that it would introduce new international dangers.

This has been very much an infantry and, to a lesser extent, an armoured war. The part played by sea power is, however, quite clear and generally appreciated, but full justice is not done to the part played by the air arm, which seems to be taken for granted. It is as well to bear in mind that in no large-scale war which can be imagined will air predominance on one side be as complete as it has been in Korea, and therefore that in no campaign will land forces be able to operate so freely. The Americans have been highly fortunate in this respect, and it can hardly be doubted that, if conditions had been reversed, they would no longer be on the Korean peninsula. They were able to move as they chose under air cover. In the recent pursuit beyond the Nakdong it is said that vehicles in the columns drove bonnet to tail in daylight. In addition to this great boon they enjoyed the advantage of having the supply routes, depôts and factories of their opponents constantly harried, so that the weight of the North Korean offensives was diminished and the pauses between them were lengthened. The air forces have been a vital factor. It may seem ungracious, but I consider it important to add that all armed nations ought to train their young air crews to be more careful and not to risk bombing their own troops. I do not say this only because the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were recent victims. Some men serving in north-west Europe concluded that it was a feature of war to be bombed by their own air force at least once in a campaign.

It was regrettable that the little British contingent should suffer loss in this way. Whatever its battle losses, however, it cannot be regretted that it reached the scene of action far ahead of any other land forces of the United Nations, despite avoidable delay in sending it, and that it entered the line before the struggle was decided and at a moment when pessimists foresaw an evacuation. It seems possible that, before any other contingents—including our own from this country—arrive in Korea the campaign will have become a police action. In that case, all the credit will go to those troops who laboured before the crisis was past, and, though our contingent was small and not particularly early on the scene, it cannot be denied that it achieved that much. If, however, it be true, as has been stated, that before a single battalion can be moved it has to be "fed" with men from other sources, then the sooner we improve the state of our preparedness for war the better. We may not always have as much time to spare as on this occasion, and if there were valid excuses then there will be none now that the term of conscription has been extended.

I remarked recently that this could not be regarded as a "small war" in the sense in which the phrase was used in the nineteenth century. Just after the middle of that century Prussia defeated Austria, a first-class military Power and only a generation earlier the foremost Power in Europe, on ground of the latter's choosing, in the "Seven Weeks War." A similar title has been given to the campaign in which Germany defeated France, Belgium, Holland and the British Expeditionary Force on the Continent in 1940. The war in Korea has, as I write, already lasted over thirteen weeks. It has become a major war in duration; it was that already in respect of the armament and the number of combatants engaged. Whether or not it is brought to a conclusion without outside repercussions, it will go down to history as an affair of high importance. The typical small war was given little attention by the Chancelleries of the Powers, whereas this is recognised, officially and unofficially, as a danger to humanity and a test of the will of the free nations to defend themselves.

As a threat it is not yet over. As a test it would appear that the answer has been given already. What no appeals to patriotism on the one hand or common sense on the other



PLOUGHING THROUGH THE WATERS OF THE HAN RIVER TOWARDS SEOUL, AT THAT TIME IN COMMUNIST HANDS: U.S. MARINE "AMTRACS" TAKING PART IN THE OPERATION WHICH LED TO THE RECAPTURE OF THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH KOREA.

would effect, the case of Korea and the inferences to be drawn from it have brought about. I do not pretend that unity has yet been established as strongly as it should be or that we ourselves are not to blame because it lags—it is to be noted that American observers, regarding this country and its Continental allies with impartial eyes, consider British selfishness and dislike of co-operation with any Government or form of economy not completely Socialist to be the chief remaining handicap to Western European unity. Yet there has been a quickening of the conviction to which opinion had previously only been feeling its way, that the best defence lies in unity and that to achieve unity compromise is needed. I cannot yet discount the risks in the train of the Korean war. One, which I may be able to deal with at a future date and which is, perhaps, in the mind of the instigators of this war, is the weakening of democracy by the burden of armament. But the war has brought unity closer.



# ENGLISH DAILY LIFE DURING TEN CENTURIES.

"A History of the English People"; By R. J. MITCHELL and M. D. R. LEYS.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

FROM their title (though it is quite suitable in a way) it might be supposed that Mesdames Mitchell and Leys had produced an up-to-date rival of J. R. Green's celebrated work. This is by no means so: Green's chief interests were politics and economics as seen from the point of view of the earnest reformer. Had the authors preferred to call their book "A Social History of England," they would have been equally well justified, as the daily, social life of the people is all their theme; but even the word "Social" nowadays has political and economic implications, and conjures up visions of the evolution of the Poor Law, of Farm Labourers' Wages and of Factory Acts. For all

MISS R. J. MITCHELL, PART-AUTHOR WITH MISS M. LEYS OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Miss R. J. Mitchell (Mrs. J. A. Leys) was born in 1902. She was educated at St. Hugh's College, Oxford. From 1933-35 she held a research studentship at Oxford and travelled extensively in North Italy. During the war she farmed in Somerset. She has written a number of books.

I know to the contrary, they may have tried to think of a title which would better convey to the public the nature of their book; I have to admit that I have tried myself but have not succeeded.

There are specialised books dealing with certain periods and certain aspects of life from their angle; but I know of none which attempts to cover their whole ground. What that is I can but indicate by extracts from the table of contents. After a Prologue glancing at England before 1066, they have four substantial sections headed "From the Norman Conquest to the Black Death," "From the Black Death to the Accession of Elizabeth," "Tudor and Stuart England" and "From Dutch William to the Jubilee," and there is a brief Epilogue entitled "The Twentieth Century." Each "book" has sections, and each sub-sections. Book Three, for example, contains sections on "House and Household," "Medicine and Hygiene," "Theatre and Amusements," "Education,"



"DRESSING FOR THE BALL, 1857"; BY JOHN LEECH.

"Dressing for the Ball" in the middle of the last century was an event indeed. In "A History of the English People" we read that "much of the ill-health and most of the fainting fits of the time that cannot be ascribed to hysteria were the result of the practice of tight-lacing the waist of a growing girl to reduce it to the fashionable dimensions of some eighteen inches. That this pernicious custom was not confined to the upper classes is shown by an inquest on a farmer's young daughter in Lincolnshire as reported in the *Sunday Times* for 1834, who died suddenly from this cause: the verdict was 'died by the visitation of God.'"

Illustrations reproduced from the book "A History of the English People," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Longmans, Green and Co.

and "The J.P. and the Parish"; the sub-sections of the third of these being "London Shows and Pageants," "Plays and Puritans," "The Court and the Theatre," "Indoor Games," "Dancing and Music," "Country Sports," and "Blood Sports."

It will be seen that here there is something for everybody. Persons interested in education, for example, may piece together a little history of it throughout the ages, and no dry one, either. In the earlier pages we have a glimpse of the early days of Henry VI., who founded the greatest of English schools. "A writ of Privy Seal gave the Earl of Warwick power to chastise the young king 'reasonably,' but it seems that when Henry was eleven years old he objected and Warwick had to ask the Council for support in administering punishment since the King 'is grown in stature by his person and also in conceit and knowledge of heigh and royal authoritee and estat, the which naturally causen him more and more to grucche [our "grouse"] with chastising and to lothe it.' Nevertheless, Henry grew to man's estate without bearing the Earl of Warwick any malice, and was himself a notable supporter of education. . . . Indeed, as Mr. Leach points out, 'Henry VI., far more than Edward VI., deserves to be remembered as a founder of English schools and as an eminent promoter, though by no means creator, of English education.' The same authority estimates that there were at least three hundred grammar schools in this country when the spoliation began in 1535, and he points out that many of the schools attributed to Edward VI. were in reality old foundations that Edward's commissioners robbed of at least part of their old endowments and merely refounded as a shadow of their former selves. . . . That Edward VI. had the makings of a scholar there can be small doubt, nor of his precocity, but the legend of the boy-benefactor of education must in the light of recent research be finally abandoned."

But revolutionaries and "New Men" have often tried to obliterate the past in the public memory. The French Revolutionaries attempted a new Calendar and even new names for the months; and the name Leningrad is as much a lie as applied to Peter's city as "King Edward VI.'s Grammar School" was and is as the name of many old foundations in this country. A later reference to a special sort of old school comes from Gibbon. He took, as is well known, a poor view of the Universities of his day; he admitted no debt to Oxford and, as for Cambridge, I remember a sly dig in a footnote somewhere in his great book, where he says of a certain wandering tribe of Vandals that they settled somewhere, "probably in Cambridgeshire." But about our public schools he was unusually cordial: "I shall always be ready to join in the common opinion, that our public schools, which have produced so many eminent characters, are the best adapted to the genius and constitution of the English people."

Food and cooking are naturally among the most important elements in the daily life of any people. A glimpse of early eating is derived from the Edda poem, "Rigspula." It "gives a factual account of Rig's wanderings through the homes of various classes and the entertainment he receives there. Among thralls he is given meat soup in a bowl with a coarse loaf partly made from bran, at the farmers' houses he has the best of country food with great dishes of boiled veal, and at the lord's table—which is a trencher-board covered by an embroidered linen cloth, as in England—he feasts on fine wheaten loaves, bacon, roast chicken, and wine. Practically the same account is given of fourteenth-

century England by William Langland, and, indeed, it could well apply to comparatively recent times."

Hardly applicable, the pessimist might comment, to this year of grace, when either Rig or Langland, were he to return, might well ask what on earth has become of the veal, the bacon, the fine wheaten bread, or even the wine. Changes in victualling are constantly registered and kitchen utensils are not overlooked. In the eighteenth century: "Much cooking was still done over or in front of an open fire on the hearth, but in 1780 a patent was taken out for the first kitchen-range. This had the oven at one side, and some years later a boiler for hot water was added on the other. The early ranges, and indeed, most nineteenth-century models, generated a great quantity of smoke and soot and consumed an extravagant amount of fuel. Gas-cookers were shown at the 1851 Exhibition, but were considered dangerous and did not come into general use for several decades. It is curious that the idea of pressure cooking, demonstrated to members of the Royal Society in 1682, had to wait until recent years before it was fully developed. John Evelyn, in his Diary, describes a large saucepan with an airtight lid, known as 'Papin's Digester,' fitted with a safety valve, in which a whole supper had been cooked at the same time with less than half a pound of coal." Of the numerous statements about liquor, the strangest to men of my generation will be A. G. Bradley's, that "when he went up to Cambridge in 1869 he never saw whisky, though wine was abundant"; I went up thirty-four years later and cannot remember anybody who did not keep whisky—it was then, I should add, 3s. 6d. a bottle.

About sport there is naturally a great deal. We are told of a Yorkshire M.F.H. who "although he could not swim, crossed the Tees on horseback forty times, saying, 'My life's my own, I presume I may do what I like with it.'" We are reminded that "from its earliest days cricket was refreshingly free from class prejudice; in the famous match at Finsbury in 1746 when Kent beat All England by one run, Lord John Sackville was a member of the Kent XI. under the captaincy of Rummey, his own head gardener." It would be difficult, indeed, to name any kind of custom or article of regular use which is not mentioned in this volume.

One thing alone puzzles me in this rich and delightful miscellany about our past: and that is the series of maps which are used as end-papers. I simply cannot understand the principle on which the inclusions and omissions of places has been based, unless, indeed (and I have not been at pains to check this) no site is marked in the maps the name of which does not appear in the index to the text. Whatever has happened, the results are odd. Map 1, which indicates "archaeological sites," gives us some of the famous Roman sites, but not Richborough, and not Uriconium: "To-day the Roman and his trouble Are ashes under Uricon," but this map inscribes no letters on his tomb. Map 2 records "Towns and Villages": I know not on what principle Dawlish appears but not Brixham, Bideford or Topsham; Painswick and Northleach, but not Chipping Campden or Broadway; Banstead and Bagshot, but not Guildford; Broadstairs, but not Sandwich; or why the sole name mitigating the white expanse of Wales should be that of Holyhead. Of Map 3, "Churches and Religious Houses," I need say no more than that the cathedrals of Rochester and Norwich do not appear, and there are gaps among the great abbeys; but of Map 4 I must confess that it bewilders me. Its theme is "Castles and Houses." Of the castles in the far West, only Tiverton (*cujus pars minima fui*) is "on the map," while Kenilworth, Framlingham, Durham, Orford and Carnarvon (only Harlech and Beaumaris are recorded in Wales), are among many conspicuous absentees. And, although it is agreeable to find Horace Walpole's sham antique at Strawberry Hill remembered, it is strange that that should have been given priority over Petworth and Longleat, Welbeck, Kimbolton and Castle Howard, Knole and Penshurst, Audley End, Wentworth Woodhouse, Hatfield and Burleigh, and many another great house whose history has been closely interwoven with the country's.



"TO BRIGHTON AND BACK FOR 3S. 6D."; BY C. ROSSITER.

By permission of the Museum and Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation of Birmingham.

But I suppose that too much must not be asked of end-paper maps, which seem usually to be regarded as merely décor. They have become very common (especially in America) in books about war and travel, and I have grown resigned to the fact that, even if the author mentions a place, I shall refer in vain to his maps for a divulgence of its situation, and either bother no longer, or go into the next room and lug down my sesquipedalian Atlas. But I dare say that there never was a sun without spots, and that we should quail before perfection did we meet it. It is enough for me to say that no authors could more than skim over the ground which these authors have set themselves to survey, and, by extracts, illustrate; and that within the narrow limits of their one volume they have done as well as anybody could humanly be expected to do. The pages could be read in reverse order and still they would be fascinating to anybody with a sense of our past and our present which grows from it. Let us hope that there won't be too clean a cut before we reach our future.

\* "A History of the English People." By R. J. Mitchell, M.A., B.Litt., F.R.Hist.S., and M. D. R. Leys, M.A. 24 Plates, 11 Illustrations in the Text, 4 End-paper Maps. (Longmans; 27s. 6d.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 580 of this issue.





THE NEW AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED STATES TO BRITAIN: MR. WALTER SHERMAN GIFFORD, UNTIL RECENTLY PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

The name of the new Ambassador of the United States to Britain was announced from the White House on September 27. He is Mr. Walter Sherman Gifford, who, until recently, was president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Mr. Gifford, who is sixty-five, comes from Massachusetts and was educated at Harvard. In recent years he has devoted much of his time to charitable undertakings, such as the Rockefeller Foundation, and he has had periods of public service. During World

War I. he was executive director of the Council of National Defence, and later secretary to the American delegation of the Inter-Allied Munitions Council in Paris. He married, in 1916, Florence Pitman (now deceased). He married again in 1944. Mr. Gifford, who is of Scottish extraction, is a Republican; he will succeed in November Mr. Lewis Douglas, who is retiring, much to the regret of his many friends in this country, for "personal considerations, including those of health."

*Exclusive Portrait Study by Y. Karsh of Ottawa.*





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### CRABS.

By the late Dr. ROBERT GURNEY.

THE crabs (*Brachyura*) may be regarded as lobsters which have had their thorax pulled out sideways and the abdomen reduced and tucked in under the thorax. There is no doubt that the ancestors of the crabs were long-tailed crustacea like lobsters, but the new invention proved so successful that there are now more genera and species of crab than of any other groups of decapod crustacea. As in commerce, so in nature, success has led to imitation, and there are some impostors looking like crabs which have really no claim to entry into the "Who's Who" of crabdom, although they may have acquired the name of crab in common parlance.

For instance, the hermit crabs are not crabs in the true sense. They probably originated from burrowing ancestors whose tails had become soft and flexible, and,



ON THE DEFENSIVE: A RIVER CRAB (*POTAMON EDULE*) AT THE MOUTH OF ITS BURROW IN THE BANK. FRESH-WATER CRABS ARE FOUND DEEP IN THE HEART OF AFRICA, THROUGHOUT THE NILE VALLEY AND IN MANY OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Photograph by Hugh Main.

when they gave up burrowing, they had to protect their tails by pushing them into shells. The great Robber Crab (*Birgus*) has, however, gone further and acquired more or less of crab-form by broadening its thorax and very much reducing its tail. The stone crabs (*Lithodidae*) would pass muster almost anywhere as true crabs. One of them, *Lithodes maia*, is found in British seas and looks like a perfectly good, though very spiny, spider crab, but the fraud is revealed if it is turned over, for then it is seen that the tail is large, broad and very asymmetrical, quite unlike that of a true crab. It is, indeed, closely related to the hermit crabs, and, if any doubt remained after examination of the adult, a glance at its larva would at once reveal its descent. The sponge crabs (*Dromia*) have been much more successful in their impersonation, for they are still included among the true crabs (*Brachyura*) in even the latest text-books, and indeed the adult is so obviously a crab that it would seem absurd to doubt it. And



ON THE WATCH: A RIVER CRAB, WHICH HAS NO LARVAL METAMORPHOSIS, THE YOUNG ON HATCHING BEING FULLY-FORMED LITTLE CRABS.

Photograph by Hugh Main.

yet the larva points unmistakably to a very close relationship with the "squat lobster" (*Galathea*).

These examples of the same crab-form being acquired by decapod crustacea which are not very closely related illustrate what is known as "convergent evolution," of which perhaps the best example outside the crustacea is the evolution of eyes of very much the same pattern in such diverse animals as mollusca and vertebrates. One of the main tasks of zoology is to trace out the relationships of the groups of the animal kingdom, relying upon the evidence of similarity in structure of adult and larva or embryo. The case of *Dromia* shows with what caution such evidence should be received. Here the evidence from the larva is very much more convincing than the crab-like form of the adult, for all the

*Brachyura*, with the exception of the *Dromiidae* and their allies, have a larva of quite different and characteristic form, so that there is never any question in recognising the larva of a *Brachyuran* crab. The larva of the edible crab, for example, has a short thorax armed with a long rostral spine, a dorsal spine and a pair of lateral spines, and the abdomen is slender, curved downwards and ends in a characteristic fork. Larvae of this type were noticed 150 years ago and described as species of the genus *Zæa*. Even in 1837 Milne-Edwards, the greatest authority of his day on crustacea, was in doubt as to what manner of crustacean *Zæa* might be, although Vaughan Thompson had already published his discovery that it was really the larva of a crab.

Even among the true crabs convergent evolution has been at work to make classification extremely difficult. There is one group of crabs known as the *Oxystomata* from the pointed shape of the mouth region, all of which have much the same habit of life. They live for the most part so buried in sand that the channels through which passes the water they breathe have to be specially protected. The evidence of their larvae goes to show that the group is made up of several families which are not closely related to each other, but have evolved along the same lines in adaptation to a similar way of life.

Inasmuch as it is the tail of the lobster or the prawn which provides the most "meat," the crab, with its reduced tail, is at a disadvantage as regards edibility, unless it has very large muscular claws. So there is only one edible crab on our coasts (*Cancer pagurus*), and that, like the lobster, has been so much overfished that it has been much reduced in size and numbers. To protect it from extinction, the Act of 1877 laid down a size limit of 4½ ins. across the shell and made it illegal to sell berried or soft-shelled crabs, except for use as bait. In addition, it is possible for local by-laws to establish a close season, and this has been done with considerable success on the Northumberland coast, for example.

A curious example of the use of a crab for food is that of the fiddler crab (*Gelasimus tangeri*), on the coast of Andalusia. This is a small crab, but the male has one claw, either right or left, very large. Large numbers of them are caught,



THE DOUBLE-CLAWED CRAB: A COMPARATIVELY RARE ABNORMALITY WHICH IS USUALLY REGARDED AS BEING DUE TO REGENERATION FOLLOWING AN INJURY.

This crab was caught in 1946 at Gourdon, Kincardine, Scotland, and was presented to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, by J. Portway and Sons, of Homerton. This abnormality is sufficiently rare as to have excited the curiosity of a fishmonger, who doubtless handles thousands of crabs in the course of his business.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

the large claw pulled off, and the crab released to grow a new claw. The claws are sold in the streets of Seville (Baudouin, 1906). The large swimming-crab (*Neptunus pelagicus*), is a common article of food in Australia, Java and Suez, and has passed through the Suez Canal, to establish itself in the Mediterranean. I have eaten them myself at Kabret, on the Bitter Lakes, but they seem hardly worth the trouble of catching, since the slender claws contain so little meat compared with those of our own crab.

Many of the long-tailed decapod crustacea are very active swimmers, using for the purpose the five pairs of abdominal appendages, and the crabs, having the abdomen so reduced, have had to sacrifice this power of swimming. It is true that crabs of the family *Portunidae* can swim very effectively by means of the paddle-shaped thoracic legs, but they are exceptional. On the other hand, the compact body lends itself to great activity of movement on the bottom, and to invasion of the land. Crabs of the genera *Ocypode* and *Uca* swarm on sandy shores of the warmer seas and run with extraordinary speed on the tips of their long legs. If their retreat to their holes in the upper part of the beach is intercepted they will take refuge in the sea, but with reluctance, and they are, indeed, completely adapted to life on dry land and to breathing air instead of water.

The land crabs are not completely emancipated from the sea, since they have to go down to the sea at certain seasons so that their eggs can hatch out into normal free-swimming larvae. Some of these crabs live far from the sea, and their annual migration to it is a very striking event which has often been described.

The fresh-water crabs (*Potamonidae*) carry their eggs until they hatch into young differing very little from the adult. This difference in breeding habit is probably due to the fact that these fresh-water crabs range up river valleys so far inland that it would be impossible for them to migrate to the sea. They are found deep in the heart of Africa, throughout the Nile Valley, and in many other parts of the world.



THE TOWN WHICH THREE HUNDRED ELEPHANTS  
RAISED TO THE GROUND: THE NEWLY EXCAVATED  
FOURTH LEVEL OF SUSA AND THE PARTHO-  
SELEUCID NECROPOLIS.

By Dr. R. GHIRSHMAN, Director of the French Archaeological Missions in Persia.

TOWNS, like men, are born, live and die; and among the dead towns of the Middle East one of the most important is Susa, which the French Archaeological Mission has been exploring since 1897. Situated about 124 miles from the Persian Gulf, at the point where the three great rivers which descend from the Persian plateau are in closest neighbourhood (Fig. 1), Susa was in antiquity, in times when the shore of the gulf was much further north, almost a port. Linked by an easy road with Babylonia and by two others with the centre and west of the plateau, Susa played a rôle of capital importance in the history of Mesopotamia and Persia. As early as the fourth millennium B.C., prehistoric man, coming down from the plateau, established himself on the natural elevation of Susa, and from that age until the Mongol invasion of the thirteenth century of our era, Susa was continuously occupied. Its end is little known; but recent excavations seem to indicate that,



FIG. 1. A MAP SHOWING THE LOCATION OF SUSA, WITH RELATION TO THE PERSIAN GULF, THE RIVERS OF MESOPOTAMIA AND THE PERSIAN PLATEAU.

after a long agony, Susa saw its last inhabitants desert it to settle in the new towns of that province which to-day bears the name of Khuzistan.

The site as it exists to-day (Fig. 2) comprises four large mounds with an area of about 4 square kilometres; and gives some indication of the great city that it must have been after the great urban developments which Darius I. brought about there about 520 B.C., at the time when Susa became the metropolis of a Persian Empire stretching from the Mediterranean to the Indus.



FIG. 3. A VIVID REMINDER OF THE SUDDEN DESTRUCTION OF SUSA (LEVEL 4) IN THE FOURTH CENTURY A.D. THE REMAINS OF AN ADULT BURIED HURRIEDLY IN THE OPEN GROUND. THE BODIES OF CHILDREN WERE FOUND IN JARS.

On the acropolis (3, on plan) was built a military citadel; to the north, the palace and the throne-room (7 and 8 on plan); to the east stretched the town of the courtesans, the officials and the merchants—the Royal Town. These three parts were surrounded by a strong wall, at the foot of which was dug a moat filled by the little River Chahur. Further to the east stretched the necropolis (or Town of the Dead), which the first explorers called the Town of the Artisans.

The readers of *The Illustrated London News* are aware how the artificial mounds of ancient Asia came into being during the course of thousands of years. And

it is in this manner that each of the mounds of Susa, which rise between 18 and 30 metres from the virgin soil, represents an imposing number of ruined towns, set one upon the other. The modern technique of excavation uncovers these mounds, town by town, like a layer cake. The great working site which we opened up in 1946 in the north part of the Royal Town has already allowed us to identify three superimposed towns, of which two are of the Islamic era and the third of the sixth to seventh centuries A.D. Last winter a fourth town was uncovered whose horizon was at a depth of 5 metres from the surface of the mound. The remains of important buildings, built of well-dressed baked brick, stand on either side of a road which goes down towards the ramparts (Fig. 15). Some houses contained small courtyards (Fig. 13) in which were provision-jars, two ovens for bread-making, and cesspools. From the very beginning of the excavation we have established that the town came to a violent end: fragments of very large walls lie in the interior of rooms, halls and corridors (Fig. 14). The ruins were literally riddled with the

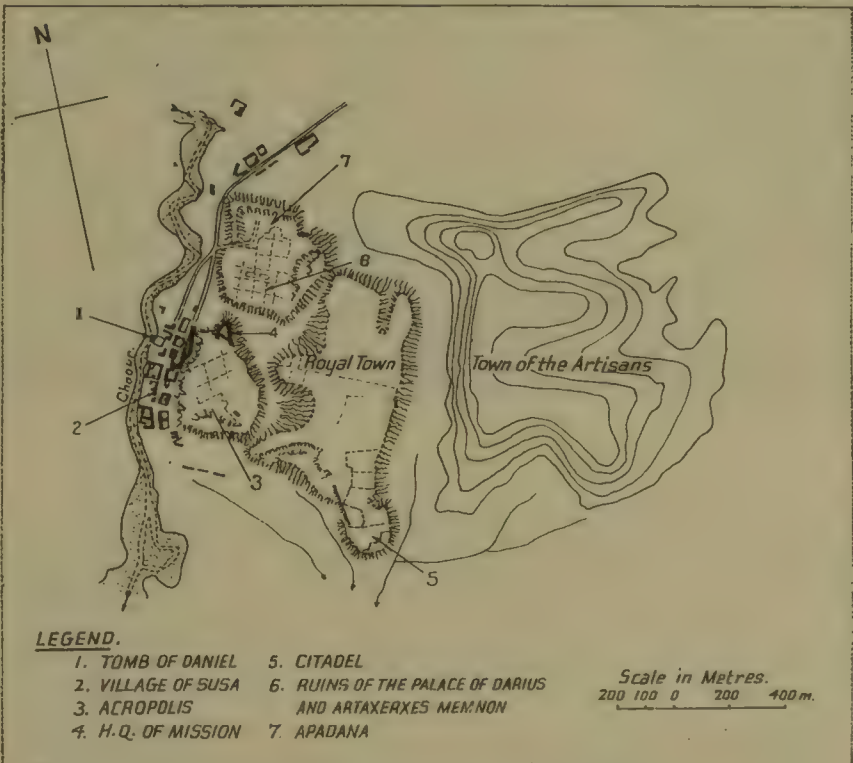


FIG. 2. A PLAN OF THE RUINS OF SUSA, TO ILLUSTRATE THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE DESCRIBING THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS THERE.

tombs of children and adults, the former in funerary jars (Figs. 16 and 17), the latter hurriedly buried in open ground (Fig. 3). The many pieces of copper coinage which have been found in the ruins are none later than the reign of Shapur II (309-379), who was the contemporary of Constantine the Great. As is well known, Constantine made the Roman Empire Christian, and as a result of this conversion the Christians of Persia were suspected of pro-Roman feelings. History tells us that Shapur II. instituted terrible persecutions of his Christian subjects who, to escape the massacres, fled from the larger centres of population and took refuge in the remoter provinces. It is in this way that Khuzistan received a great number of these refugees, who re-formed their communities everywhere, including Susa. Now *The Acts of the Christian Martyrs*, of which the text has been preserved, record that Shapur II. sent his army to suppress a revolt of the Christians of Susa, and that he had this town levelled by three hundred elephants. It is the remains of this town that we have just brought to light, a fact confirmed by the presence of a Nestorian cross traced in black on a funerary jar (Fig. 17) and a silver Nestorian cross which had been placed beside an adult corpse. This catastrophe took place towards the middle of the fourth century, which allows us to date all the objects



(ABOVE.) FIG. 4. A SMALL TERRA-COTTA HEAD, A FRAGMENT OF A FIGURINE, FOUND IN THE SUSA NECROPOLIS. NOTICEABLY HELLENISTIC IN TREATMENT.

(LEFT.) FIG. 5. A HELLENISTIC FIGURINE FROM THE SUSA NECROPOLIS. DR. GHIRSHMAN CONSIDERS THIS A GROTESQUE IN THE ALEXANDRINE MANNER.

found in the ruins of this martyred town, in particular the numerous glass vases (Figs. 6 and 10).

Another working site, opened on the fourth hill, that generally called the Town of the Artisans, has enabled us to uncover there a vast Partho-Seleucid necropolis dating from about 300 B.C. to the third century A.D. (Fig. 9). The tombs take the form of a vaulted funerary chamber dug into the hard, compacted earth of the virgin soil, to which access was made by means of a shaft. The dead were placed in sarcophagi of baked earth, either plain or burnished, with lids of the same material, mostly in human shape (Fig. 12). Other tombs—veritable underground vaults—had instead of a shaft a staircase of fifteen to twenty steps, which ended always in the virgin soil, in a vestibule on to which opened the funerary chambers.

[Continued overleaf.]



## FROM THE SUSA NECROPOLIS: OBJECTS OF ART AND HUMAN INTEREST.



FIG. 6. ONE OF A NUMBER OF GLASS VASES OF THE FOURTH CENTURY A.D. FOUND IN THE RUINS OF SUSA.



FIG. 7. TWO TERRA-COTTA FIGURINES FROM THE HUGE NECROPOLIS OF SUSA. NOTICEABLY ORIENTAL IN STYLE.

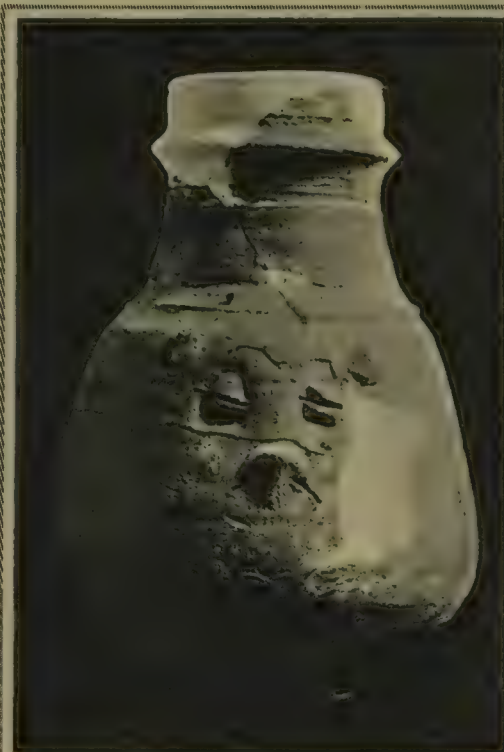


FIG. 8. FROM THE SUSA NECROPOLIS. A HELLENISTIC VASE WITH AN ODD HUMAN FACE.



FIG. 9. THE RECENTLY-EXCAVATED PARTHO-SELEUCID NECROPOLIS AT SUSA—PREVIOUSLY THOUGHT TO BE THE TOWN OF THE ARTISANS. ITS DATES ARE FROM ABOUT 300 B.C. TO NEARLY 300 A.D.



FIG. 10. ANOTHER SASSANID GLASS VASE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY A.D. COMPARE FIG. 6.



FIG. 11. SOME OF THE PARTHIAN ALABASTRONS WHICH ARE AMONG THE COMMONEST FORMS OF FUNERARY FURNITURE FOUND AT SUSA.



FIG. 12. ONE OF THE SARCOPHAGI FROM THE SUSA NECROPOLIS. SUCH LIDS, SHOWING A STYLISED HUMAN FIGURE, ARE FAIRLY GENERAL. THE SARCOPHAGI ARE OF TERRA-COTTA.

*Continued.*

Some sarcophagi contained the remains of two or more bodies, these being genuine family vaults. When a new occupant was put in the sarcophagus, the bones of his predecessor were pushed into a corner or, quite simply, thrown in a heap on the base which supported the sarcophagus. The funeral furniture of these tombs is very varied.

Pottery was found side by side with numerous alabastrons (Fig. 11), whose shape is very near that of those of the Achæmenid period. The most frequent were figurines representing a protective female deity, and in some of these the gestures reveal a recognisable Oriental influence (Fig. 7). There are many objects in which one can

*(Continued opposite, above, centre.)*



**SUSA—WHERE SHAPUR II  
PERSECUTED THE  
CHRISTIANS AND  
LEVELLED A GREAT  
TOWN WITH THREE  
HUNDRED ELEPHANTS.**

*Continued.* feel that Hellenistic current which was so strong in Persia after the conquest of Alexander the Great. Among the objects which betray this may be mentioned a vase in very fine red pottery ornamented with a human face (Fig. 8), the head of a figurine (Fig. 4), and a beautiful terra-cotta figurine showing a grotesque subject in the pure Alexandrine style (Fig. 5). The site of Susa, which the French Mission has been excavating for so long and which has produced so much valuable information on the peoples and civilisations of Mesopotamia and Iran, is still far from having yielded up all the evidences of its long history.



FIG. 13. A CORNER OF THE EXCAVATIONS OF THE FOURTH LEVEL OF SUSA, SHOWING A LUNETTE-SHAPED COURTYARD.



FIG. 14. THE FOURTH CITY OF SUSA WAS VIOLENTLY DESTROYED BY SHAPUR II. HERE ARE SHOWN MASSES OF OVERTURNED WALLING.



FIG. 15. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS OF THE FOURTH LEVEL OF SUSA: THIS TOWN WAS DESTROYED BY SHAPUR II. FOR ITS CHRISTIAN AND ROMAN SYMPATHIES.



FIG. 16. A CORNER OF THE GREAT HALL IN THE FOURTH LEVEL OF SUSA. THE JARS CONTAIN THE REMAINS OF CHILDREN, BURIED IN HASTE IN THE FOURTH CENTURY A.D.



FIG. 17. A FUNERARY JAR WITH A NESTORIAN CROSS PAINTED IN BLACK. SUSA WAS DESTROYED IN THE CHRISTIAN PERSECUTIONS OF SHAPUR II.





I FORGET how many million years man, so tragically labelled *Homo sapiens*, has crawled over this planet, and what proportion of that immense span of time can be said to be recorded history—that depends upon one's definitions; shall we say 4000 years, during which his material surroundings were sometimes bleak and occasionally splendid? But comfort in any modern sense and the small graces of life were rarely his lot until about two-and-a-half centuries ago, and



FIG. 1. A CANE-BACK CHAIR OF LATE STUART TIMES, PROBABLY INSPIRED BY DANIEL MAROT; AND A BUREAU IN FIGURED WALNUT, TYPICAL "OF THE GOOD, SIMPLE STYLE OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE."

In his article on this page, Mr. Frank Davis discusses, among other things, the development of the idea of comfort as a necessary feature in furniture during the eighteenth century; the steady progress of style without any corresponding technological inventions; and the consequent high standard alike of taste and craftsmanship. His points are illustrated, for the most part, in the three chairs shown on this page.

then pretty well all the worthwhile gear of his house (omitting, of course, the blessings of electricity) were developed to something like formal perfection in the course of the next hundred years. To us, with our familiarity with rapidly changing and often terrifying technical developments, a century seems an immensely long period, and I suppose that to the purely scientific mind of the production engineer the three photographs on this page may well be convincing evidence of a drowsily static civilisation which can be dismissed as of little or no consequence in the march of progress, because the chair in Fig. 1 was manufactured by the same method as the chair in Fig. 3—there are just about a hundred years between them. This is a point of view which may sound fantastic to the majority of readers of this page, and I personally find it deplorable. Have we produced a better chair than the wing armchair of Fig. 2?—different chairs, yes; better sprung, maybe, sometimes with tubular steel legs and frame, but better? I leave it to you.

Now, I am by no means a praiser of old things merely because they are old, any more than I think Rembrandt or Cézanne were invariably at the top of their form, but it is not unfair to suggest that because the men who made these pieces of furniture were encouraged to take an individual pride in their work, they were more likely to produce things of real quality than the majority of their descendants, who are forced by the nature of the society in which they have to

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TIME GOES SLOW.

By FRANK DAVIS.

make a living to keep a more watchful eye upon the clock. The whole rhythm of their existence is different. We have gained a lot—both time and leisure—but we have still to look back with admiration at the accomplishments of those vanished generations. As for lasting qualities (and here I am speaking of wood alone), I wonder sometimes how much even of the good, honest furniture made to-day will be in existence 200 years from now—I mean, of course, barring the hazards of war.

The chair in Fig. 1, with its cane back, turned legs and high-scrrolled stretcher, is in walnut and is a variation, dating from the last decade of the seventeenth century, of a theme which was popular from the early years of Charles II. onwards. Twenty years earlier such a chair would have had a rectangular back, with high shoulders and perhaps a pierced cresting and pierced sides, both here and in Holland. In this case the back, with its escalloped and curved top, is rather lower than many of its contemporaries—most people are inclined to see in it the influence of that very able designer, Daniel Marot, who, after serving William of Orange in Holland, came over with him when he became William III. of England, and played a considerable part in the extensions to Hampton Court.

The bureau next to it, of finely-figured walnut, is a typical example of the good, simple style of the reign of Queen Anne—no fuss, no ornament—just the figured walnut and the brass handles. The upper part (note the handle at the side) can be taken off to make moving easy. To some eyes the perfectly plain top is a trifle dull—certainly a later generation regarded it with little favour, because fashion decreed that a piece of this sort should be built up as if it were an architectural experiment in the classic style—hence a pediment, perhaps broken, perhaps with the centre space crowned by a vase. This was particularly so after mahogany replaced walnut, and readers will have no difficulty in calling to mind a multitude of bureaux, cabinets, book cases, and so forth, in which a great variety of carved and pierced pediments—many of extreme delicacy and beautifully contrived in relation to the proportions of the whole structure—are placed on the top. The effect is to lead the eye upwards and by so doing to take away the illusion of excessive weight. It is a pretty trick; it also makes dusting more difficult, which is a consideration which did not worry our ancestors.



FIG. 3. A DRESSING-TABLE, TORCHÈRE AND CHAIR, ALL OF ABOUT 1780—AND ALL TYPICAL OF "A GENERATION WHEN TASTE DEMANDED CLEAN LINES AND AN ABSENCE OF CLUTTER."

The chair of Fig. 2—walnut, cabriole legs, with hoof-feet and wings—presumably dates from about 1700, and, unlike so much early furniture, was definitely made for comfort. I would not suggest that before this time people did not appreciate comfort—those great Italianate settees with let-down ends were known in some few great houses, and the cane-backed Carolean day bed is another proof to the contrary. But it is true that while they may have appreciated comfort, they only rarely achieved it. How often does one see an armchair of this sort, devised for somnolence, before the eighteenth century? Only a very few. Before that one did what one could with cushions on unyielding oak—the day of the upholsterer (more familiarly known by the pleasant word



FIG. 2. A WALNUT CHAIR, UPHOLSTERED AND WITH WINGS, OF ABOUT 1700—ONE OF THE RARE, EARLY EXAMPLES "DESIGNED FOR SOMNOLENCE."

"upholder") was yet to dawn. He existed, but was only encouraged to exercise his noble profession to the full in the Age of Reason.

More than one ingenious dressing-table divided into various compartments, with neatly-fitted drawers, mirrors and so forth, has appeared on this page, most of them, if my memory is correct, in satinwood. They were popular things by the end of the eighteenth century and, thanks to his published designs, they are vaguely called Sheraton. They are fascinating little objects, because any box containing a neat arrangement of slides and simple gadgets is fascinating; they are, as a rule, exceedingly well made—they had to be, or the various compartments would never fit accurately. Externally they are simple enough, as a rule. Here in Fig. 3 is an unusual example in mahogany. The mirror propped up in the illustration falls back, and the two flaps fold over. Small fret brackets join front legs and body and the legs are in square section and taper down to square feet. The chair is a pretty example of the Hepplewhite style (both pieces, I suppose, can be dated about 1780), with heart-shaped pierced back, the main splat lyre-shaped. The torchère behind it has a reeded column supported on plain tripod feet—a simplified version of those remarkable torchères, which are now mostly in museums, in which great craftsmen have enriched the tripod legs with carvings of acanthus leaves and similar devices ending in claw-and-ball feet. These three pieces belong to a generation when taste demanded clean lines and an absence of clutter. That graceful, spare style was soon to pass—*sic transit gloria*—into all kinds of fuss and extravagance.

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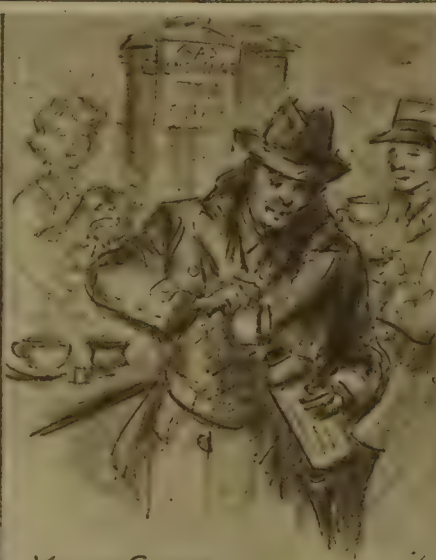
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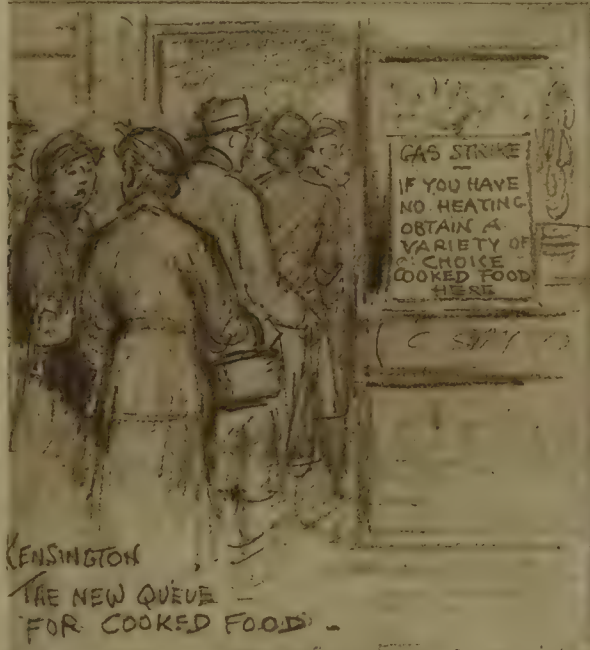
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OF THE FOLLOWING MORNING  
BREAKFAST TEA.



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AN EARL'S COURT DOMESTIC-HELPS  
CHEERLESS EVENING AT HOME.



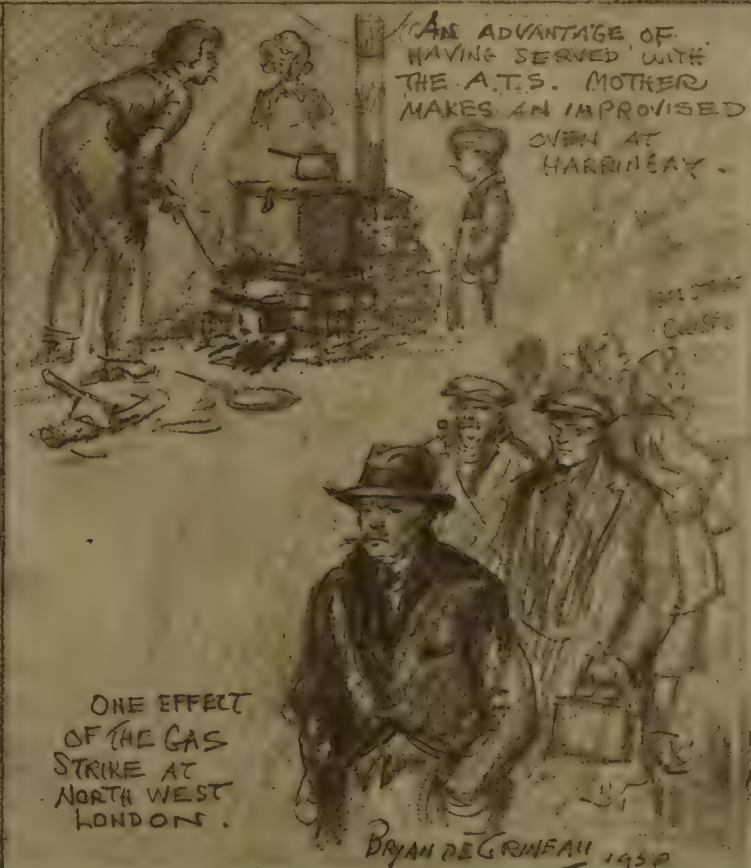
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BATHING THE BABY IN THE KITCHEN  
AND COOKING ON A PRIMUS AT AN  
EARL'S COURT FLAT.



NURSING AN AILING  
CHILD BY THE  
DRAWING-ROOM  
OIL STOVE —  
PADDINGTON.



AN ADVANTAGE OF  
HAVING SERVED WITH  
THE A.T.S. MOTHER  
MAKES AN IMPROVISED  
OVEN AT  
HARRINGAY.

ONE EFFECT  
OF THE GAS  
STRIKE AT  
NORTH WEST  
LONDON.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU 1950

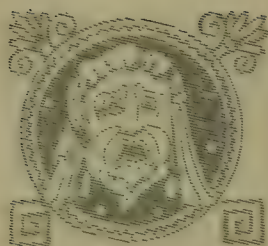
HOW AN UNOFFICIAL STRIKE BY GAS MAINTENANCE MEN HIT THE PUBLIC: SOME ASPECTS OF THE SUFFERING AND INCONVENIENCE CAUSED IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES NORTH OF THE THAMES.

After a fortnight of little or no gas pressure, due to the unofficial strike of some 1,470 maintenance men, two million domestic and industrial consumers in the supply area of the North Thames gas board were feeling the effects. Housewives were unable to provide hot meals for their fami-

lies; hospitals were working under great difficulties; old people suffered severely—particularly as the strike coincided with a cold spell; small businesses had to close; factories were forced to close down. Here we reproduce some of our artist's impressions of the effects of the gas strike.

Drawn by our special artist, Bryan de Grineau.





# The World of the Theatre.

## THE OTHER WARS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is more than twenty years since I saw R. C. Sherriff's drama, "Journey's End," in a crammed provincial theatre that had been sold out for the week. By grace and favour of the management you might be able to get standing-room at the back of the pit during a matinée: that was all. For "Journey's End" came with an extraordinary reputation: it was not only the best war play of its time, it was also (so they told us) the best play since 1918, maybe since long before that. As usual, this excessive advertisement put me off. I went, slightly disbelieving: I came from the theatre that night so shaken that I had to walk round by the sea for half an hour before seeking a tramcar home. These playgoing moments come very rarely: all the more reason to remember them.

"Journey's End" is not the astonishing piece it seemed to us then; at a day when it was the war drama for which the stage had waited ten years. But it is still an evening of strong emotion in the theatre. I know of no other front-line



"I AM GLAD THAT THIS COURAGEOUS REVIVAL IS TO HAVE ITS WIDER PUBLIC": "JOURNEY'S END," BY R. C. SHERRIFF; A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SET "IN THE BRITISH TRENCHES BEFORE ST. QUENTIN, MARCH, 1918."

A revival of R. C. Sherriff's great drama, "Journey's End," which achieved such an outstanding reputation when it was first produced over two decades ago, was recently staged at the little Gateway Theatre. This courageous revival should by now have opened at the Westminster Theatre. Mr. Trewin says that he will be surprised if it does not hold its audiences as surely as it did in the first production nearly twenty-two years ago. Our critic has high praise for the cast who have the power "to stir the heart." Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Raleigh (David Oake); Osborne (Kevin Stoney); Trotter (Neil Wilson); Mason (Arthur Lovegrove) and Stanhope (Peter Rendall).

play or scene—with the exception of a passage in O'Casey's "The Silver Tassie"—that has a similar impact, and this without any lunge into heroics. It is now revived in London for the first time in sixteen years. Though I write before the Westminster Theatre production, I have no doubt that certain objections will be raised: to sentimentality in some of the speeches, to Osborne's passion for "Alice in Wonderland," to the piece of plot-contrivance by which young Raleigh is sent to Stanhope's company, to the hero he had worshipped at school.

Another trouble is that we have grown used to—shall I say?—some of the "properties" of the piece: the mess cook who has been used as light relief in any number of Service plays; Stanhope's whisky bottle; the longing evocations of home, tranquillity recollected in emotion. But it does not matter: "Journey's End" adds up to a night in the theatre that must move the most cynical: there will be no need for them to apologise for a tear or a lump in the throat; they need not be embarrassed about showing their feelings.

I speak like this because I discovered this new revival of "Journey's End" a few weeks ago when it was at the little Gateway Theatre. The professional company has no "names" in it; it plays together as a team with so much sincerity that you do not fidget with your programme to see whether this is X on the stage or when Y is appearing. On the night I saw the piece the tiny auditorium in Bayswater was closely packed. Many were young people who had not met the play before and who could not all have been alive to the full significance of the setting "in the British trenches before St. Quentin, March, 1918." Throughout the evening they listened intently. They did not cough; they did not spurt their lighters or scratch match-boxes; they did not shuffle. I had not sat for months in a house more plainly moved. As Yeats once said at Stratford, there was "a spirit in the place."

It seemed wasteful that this revival should last for only a week in a club theatre; that there should be no wider recognition for a cast that had this power to stir the heart, to make us wish so desperately that Osborne might be spared and the last tragedy averted, to make us conscious of the trench outside the dug-out, and, beyond, of the savage waste of No Man's Land. At the end, when the company took its call, in shadow—a wise and imaginative touch—I was thinking of Humbert Wolfe's line in his poem to a dead friend, "You from Givenchy [that] no years can harden." It is so with the people of "Journey's End": the years cannot harden them.

I am glad that the courageous revival is to have its wider public. It will have opened by now at the Westminster Theatre, and I shall be surprised if the moment before Osborne and Raleigh go over the top does not hold its audiences as surely as it held them at the Gateway, and as it did in the first production nearly twenty-two years ago. Undeniably there is room for this piece in the West End as well as for the amiable capers and cavortings of a bit of protracted

vaudeville, "Reluctant Heroes" (Whitehall), a military farce for all who can find fun in the manoeuvres of three musketeers faced by the alarums of the new model Army.

Two other experiences lately took me to battles long past. Canon R. A. Edwards, of Norwich, has written in "The Fighting Bishop" a chronicle drama and a poet's play of character that celebrates a former Bishop of the diocese, Henry Despenser, who ruled at Norwich from 1370 to 1406. Despenser is both warrior and man of God: Canon Edwards has touched him to life in a play that tingles in recollection, especially its scene in which the Bishop reasons with the beaten and condemned rebel, Geoffrey Lidster, leader of the peasants' revolt, before Lidster goes to his execution. Throughout, the writing is firm and good: Nugent Monck, heart of the famous Maddermarket Theatre at Norwich—where the play was produced—directed with a fine simplicity, a lack of blurring fuss. The amateur actors spoke with understanding, and I wished only for some weight and authority in some of the lesser personages.

Although this is, strictly speaking, out of my province, I take the chance—offered by a television revival of "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great"—to salute that superb (and, alas, too-seldom-acted) dramatist, John Masefield, the Poet Laureate. The television people were discerning enough to choose "Pompey" as a Sunday-night play. This drama, which takes Cneius Pompeius Magnus through the civil war to his death at Pelusium, in Egypt, is written in blade-straight prose that rises every now and then into the grave splendour of such speeches as this of Cato:

"There are two Romes, Metellus. One built of brick by hodsmen. But the Rome I serve glimmers in the uplifted heart; it is a court for the calm gods, that Rome. Let me not shame that city. Advance the eagles."

And this, the lines of Philip's song:

Though we are ringed with spears, though the last hope is gone,  
Romans stand firm, the Roman dead look on,  
Before our sparks of life blow back to Him who gave,  
Burn clear, brave hearts, and light our pathway to the grave.

The television revival rose finely in the last act. The first and second acts were under-played and under-spoken, but the beauty of Masefield's mind came through. It is a good fortnight at the play that can bring such things as the passing of Pompey to his death (and Masefield's strange and typical summing-up in the form of a halliard chanty); the talk between Despenser and Lidster, two proud men, the conqueror and the conquered; and the heart-catching moments at daybreak in the dug-out by St. Quentin, when Stanhope might well have cried: "Before our sparks of life blow back to Him who gave, Burn clear, brave hearts, and light our pathway to the grave."



"A MILITARY FARCE FOR ALL—WHO CAN FIND FUN IN THE MANOEUVRES OF THREE MUSKETEERS FACED BY THE ALARUMS OF THE NEW MODEL ARMY": "RELUCTANT HEROES"; A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY COLIN MORRIS, AT THE WHITEHALL THEATRE.

Another play about the Army, but of a very different kind, opened recently at the Whitehall Theatre. Mr. Trewin describes it as "the amiable capers and cavortings of a bit of protracted vaudeville." The play consists of a number of comic military sketches about three raw recruits who find themselves "in the Army now." Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Gregory (Brian Rix); Tone (Dermot Walsh); Captain Percy (Colin Morris—who is also the author of the play); and Morgan (Larry Noble).

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"RELUCTANT HEROES" (Whitehall).—Take three raw recruits; tell them that they are in the Army now; put them through every hoop known to the writer of comic military sketches; and do not trouble unduly about a plot. Working on this recipe, Colin Morris produced the simple-hearted farce in which Dermot Walsh, Brian Rix, Wally Patch and Elspet Gray, with a loyal company, enjoy themselves at the top of Whitehall.

"THE MASK AND THE FACE" (Arts).—C. B. Fernald made an extremely free version of Luigi Chiarelli's satirical farce—I do not think the Mayor, Bungli, appears in the original—but the result continues to be amusing after a sluggish start. The Arts revival has been compared unfavourably with the original London production; but those who meet the piece for the first time will find that Hugh Miller has a delightfully precise comic method as Mario. He is the bombastic Count who, having vowed to kill his wife if she is unfaithful, cannot afford to be laughed at when she defies him. Mario's rapid solution provides the farce.

"JOURNEY'S END" (Westminster).—Sherriff's famous play in an unpretentious production (from a club theatre) that preserves the spirit of the piece with absolute integrity.

"L'ENFANT PRODIGE" (Mercury).—The wordless play of Pierrot in a French bourgeois family of the 'eighties keeps its attraction, especially when it is mimed by such a cast as that at the Mercury. Note in particular Yoma Sasburgh, Elaine Wodson, Celia Franca.



CIVIC, INTERNATIONAL AND SPORTING  
OCCASIONS ; AND A MILITARY FILM.



Before entering the B.O.A.C. *Comet* jet airliner which on Oct. 1 flew them to Berlin (570 miles) in 90 minutes for the opening of the German Industries Fair: Mr. Harold Wilson, President of the Board of Trade, and Lord Henderson. (sixth and seventh from right).



A striking representation of the United Nations Commander-in-Chief in Korea, for a new film, "American Guerrilla in the Phillipines"—for which he has given his permission: Mr. Robert Barrat as General MacArthur.



The Allied High Commissioners with the Federal German Chancellor at Bonn on Sept. 23: Mr. John J. McCloy (U. S.), Prof. E. Erhard, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick (G. B.), Dr. K. Adenauer, and M. Andre Francois-Poncet (France) (l. to r.).



The Lord Mayor of London elect and his wife; Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson. Mr. Denys Lowson, Alderman of Vintry was on September 29 elected Lord Mayor of London. After receiving the King's consent he will be installed into office on November 8.



The winner of the English Ladies Golf Championship, 1950; the Hon. Mrs. Joan Gee of the Chevin Club, Duffield, Derbyshire. Playing remarkably fine golf, she defeated Miss P. Davis, last year's girl's champion by 8 and 6 in the 36 hole final at Sheringham.



## NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD : RECENT EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



Moving in procession from the altar at Wembley Stadium during the great Roman Catholic rally: the Papal Legate, Cardinal Griffin. Archbishop of Westminster. The Cardinal is preceded by a cross-bearer and followed by a boy carrying a walking stick.



Leaving Britain for Korea: men of the 1st. Bn. The Royal Ulster Rifles. lining the rails of the *Empire Pride* before sailing from Liverpool on October 1st. The Secretary for War, Mr. Strachey, addressed the troops before they embarked.



The great Roman Catholic rally at Wembley that marked the end of the ceremonies of the Hierarchy Centenary Congress: a general view before the Pontifical High Mass. In a broadcast from Rome the Pope addressed the 80,000 people taking part in the rally.



Swept into the Gota river by a landslide: the entire village of Surte, a few miles north of Gothenburg, Sweden. The landslide was caused by the subsidence of mud due to river floods. One person was killed.



Leaning drunkenly on their sides: some of the houses in the little village of Surte after the landslide on September 29th. Thirty-two houses were destroyed and 300 persons made homeless.





Gibraltar by night: the Rock sparkling with a thousand lights and seen from under the bows of the light fleet carrier, H.M.S. *Vengeance*.



Gibraltar by day, its peak wreathed with cloud—still, as it has been for nearly two hundred and fifty years, the symbol of British impregnability.

**GIBRALTAR BY NIGHT AND BY DAY : THE SYMBOL OF BRITISH MIGHT AND CURRENTLY CENTRE OF THE HOME FLEET'S EXERCISES.**

Since its capture by Sir George Rooke in 1704 and its cession to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Gibraltar has remained, unbrokenly, not only a Crown Colony, but also a symbol of British might and a bulwark of this country's overseas interests. It is, this autumn, the centre of the Home Fleet's cruise, more than twenty warships, including the great battleship *Vanguard*, gathering there on September 20th. for various exercises. The Fleet was to be joined there by ships of the Royal Canadian Navy, the carrier *Magnificent* and the destroyers *Huron* and *Micmas*; and some ships of the Fleet were expected to visit French and Portuguese ports, before all units returned to home ports by December 7th.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS week there are two Scottish novels—a unique event, though two, or even three, from America would strike one as common form. Perhaps it is the rarity that makes the charm. But not, I think, altogether. In any case, and leaving out the national appeal, one would be glad to hail both these writers. George Blake, with tempered curiosity, because he is always good: Not stimulating, never airborne, but just plain good, with all the sober qualities that build up respect and liking. And though I have, alas, a clearer memory for tone than for precise detail, I think "The Piper's Tune" (Collins; 2s. 6d.) may be his best yet. It has an epic breadth and something of an epic flavour, and, it seemed to me, less than usual of the old alloy—that touch of flatness and of stolid worth which is the drawback of sobermindedness. But then, ungratefully, one can't help asking: What's wrong with it? Why is it not still better, a complete success?

The scene—his favourite and native scene—is the Firth of Clyde. And here salt water dominates the plot; it is the point of contact between two families who, in the strict sense, have no common ground. Rab Rollo, blustering and bloated, is the great man, the heir of plutocratic ages, while the Moray Marrs are plain people from a Garvel tenement. The Marrs, indeed, are on their way up, under the calm, inexorable spur of a genteel housewife, while Rab is plummeting to the abyss. He had to fall, the grand plutocracy is doomed; but the acceleration is his own work. Yet even on the heights, this pampered brute has one connection with the Marr family. He is an impassioned yachtsman, and Robina's husband is a ship-model-maker. Sailing is the pride of life to "wee Moray Marr," and Rab's great schooner is the queen of sail. So he reveres her owner as a kind of demigod.

But then he tires of models and expands into racing dinghies, and unbelievably they meet. Rab has now dwindled to a ketch, but he is still the patron and the "big man." There things might stop, if his domestic life were not a shambles and his girl were not "damaged goods." But as it is, with female prompting he unloads her on young Jock Marr; and the entangled families are swept together into world conflict. When they emerge, all differences are lost, and the survivors wrecked upon a barren shore.

It is a good, substantial piece of work, a fine social canvas. It is robust, yet sensitive and sympathetic. In a plain way, it has much beauty; and though the mood is bleak, it is not dismal. Yet there is something wrong. It seems to be without a core—one long development, which suddenly becomes the last act. The characters are richly primed, but thwarted of full expression . . . or something, anyhow, has failed to take. A rather vague objection, to a book of unusual merit.

"The Storm and the Silence," by David Walker (Cape; 9s. 6d.), must be called a let-down. "Geordie" was so barefaced, so almost comical a triumph, it defied augury, and wrapped its author in a wild surmise. What would he do next? Could there be more such bubbles in his pipe? Here, with amazing promptitude, he is again; but this, I hope, is not the answer. I both suspect and hope it has appeared out of turn.

Certainly it has the air of prentice work. It might be called promising—which nobody would say of "Geordie." That shining bubble sprang from an idea of bald simplicity and comic freshness; it was mint-new. This book has everybody's theme. Again the man-hunt, the escaping killer, the correct angle.

Tam Diamond is an ex-Commando with a heart of gold, and a propensity to blind rages. When crossed, he bashes people in the face, regardless of age or sex. As he is very strong and easily provoked, there had to be disaster, and it overtakes him in the worst spot—a bare, inhospitable glen. He flees up the hill, and all that follows is pursuit and suffering—with flashbacks of his past life, and little episodes among the locals. These can be charming; the flight is charged with physical imagination, and the landscape is full of poetry. Once more we have the sentimental vein, the nice touch of dialect, the keeper and the Highland lass—and if you like, the muscular obsession. Tam is Geordie gone wrong, made over to banality. And worst of all, the writer's master-faculty, his humour, is completely shelved—or, I prefer to think, still untapped. For surely, having once discovered it, he could not just leave it out.

It is distressing to repeat oneself, and most distressing to foresee that one will go on and on. But if authors do it, how are the critics to escape? Angela Thirkell has appeared again, with "County Chronicle" (Hamish Hamilton; 2s. 6d.); and I have nothing fresh to say, and, what is more, I don't believe there is anything. Frankly, my first emotions were dismay, because the new instalment seemed rather copious, and then relief that it was not so copious. But that is unjust, and merely the effect of saturation. It has all the old qualities, the old familiar faces, the delightful snugness, the well-bred comedy, the happy marriages that roll on from book to book. Who marries whom, on this occasion, is beside the point. We know they are all set for happiness, and well deserve it; they are all charming—among themselves, and if you keep off their privilege. "One might write a book about how awful the government are and call it. 'They,'" observes one young man. One might and does, and evidently can't stop. And yet the grace, the gaiety of mind, the disconcerting and malicious eye would still enchant if they had not enchanted so long already. But one can't defer saturation-point.

"Within the Bubble," by Joseph Shearing (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.), is, most appropriately, full of emptiness. And that is the charm. It is a period romance or melodrama of the 1860's, with an Italian setting and a background of civil war. The heroine, a silver beauty with a cold heart, has been accused, or thinks she is accused, of poisoning her tyrannic mother. So, with a glum but faithful governess, she runs away. They drift here and there, on money stolen from the death-bed, and no one bothers them. For months or years, that is the whole story. And though it does become more involved it never quickens in the least. And that is the charm: a charm of emptiness and bleakness, of dreamlike nihilism.

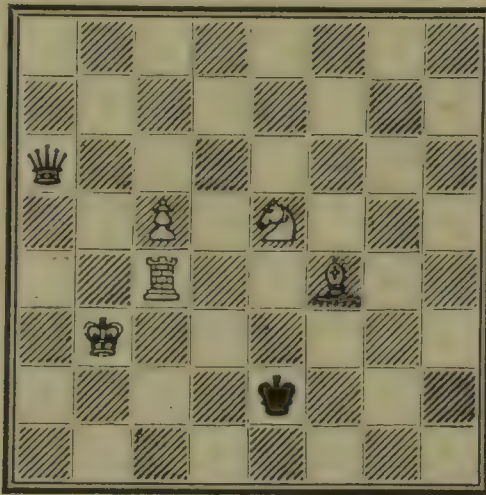
## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

TO ERR IS HUMAN . . .

THE crucial game of the British Championship tournament last month came to an unseemly end in the position shown in our first diagram:—Exhausted and dispirited by some 9½ hours' play, in the course of which his previously bright chances of winning the title for the first time in his life had progressively become dimmer and dimmer, Milner-Barry made the incredible move, 72... Q-Kt3ch, to which Broadbent rather naturally replied, 73. P×Q, and Milner-Barry resigned.

(Milner-Barry.) BLACK.







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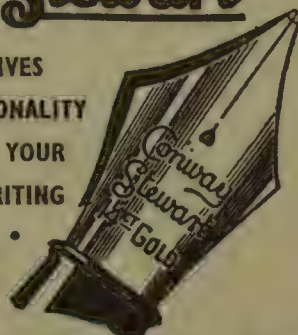
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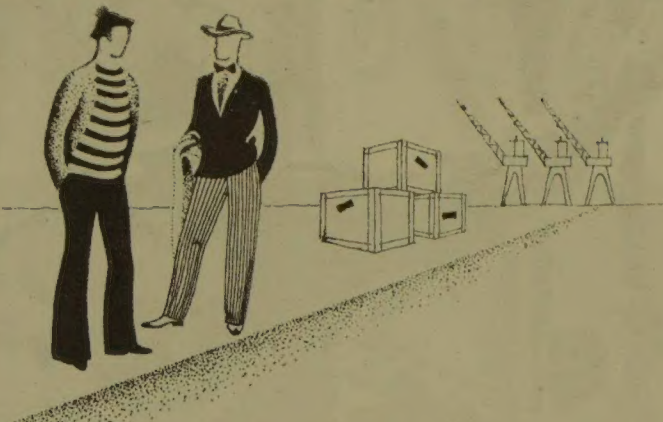
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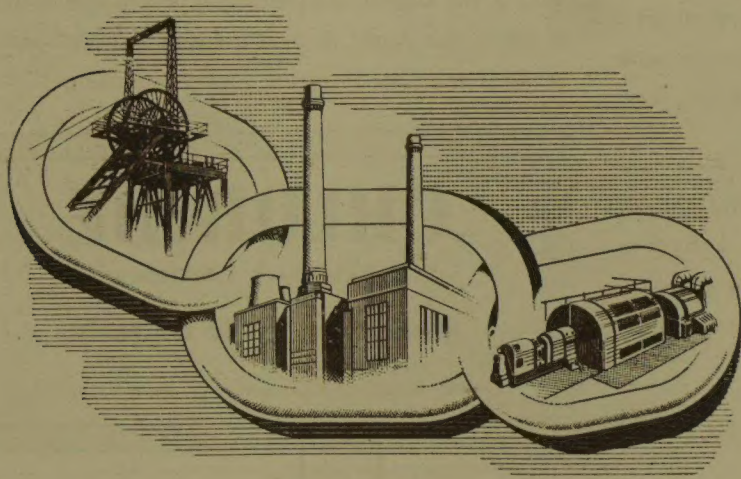
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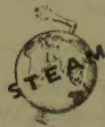


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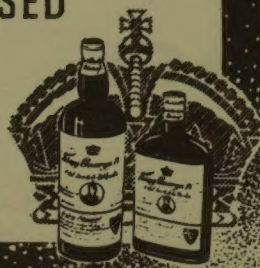
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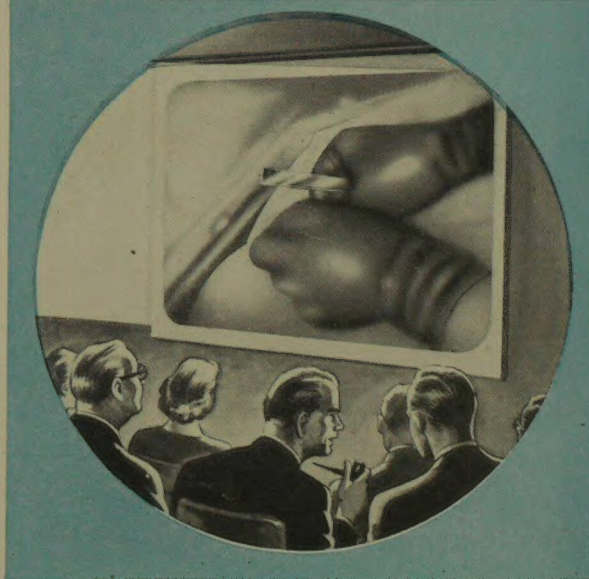
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